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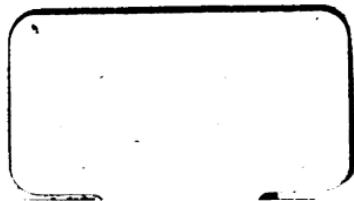


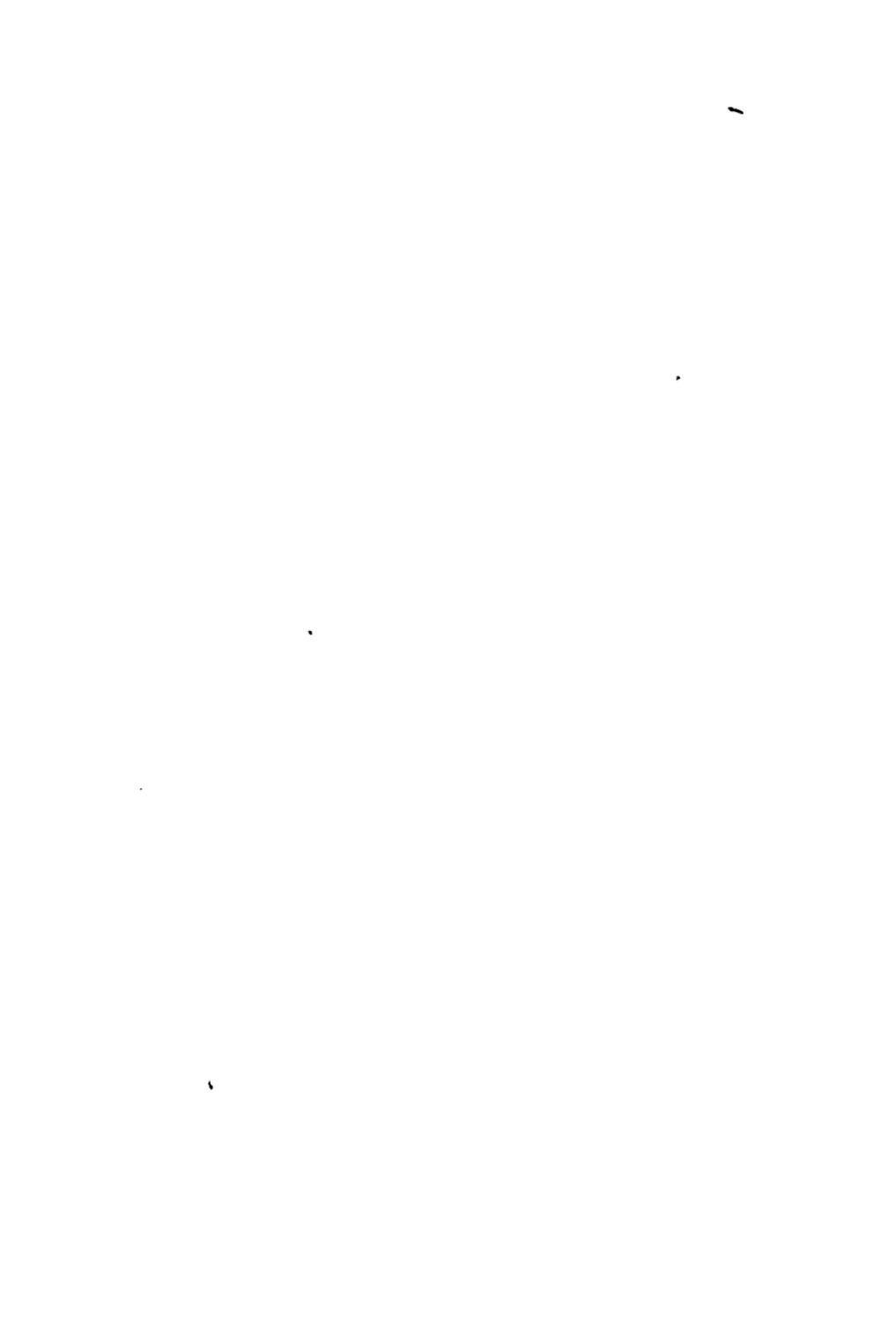
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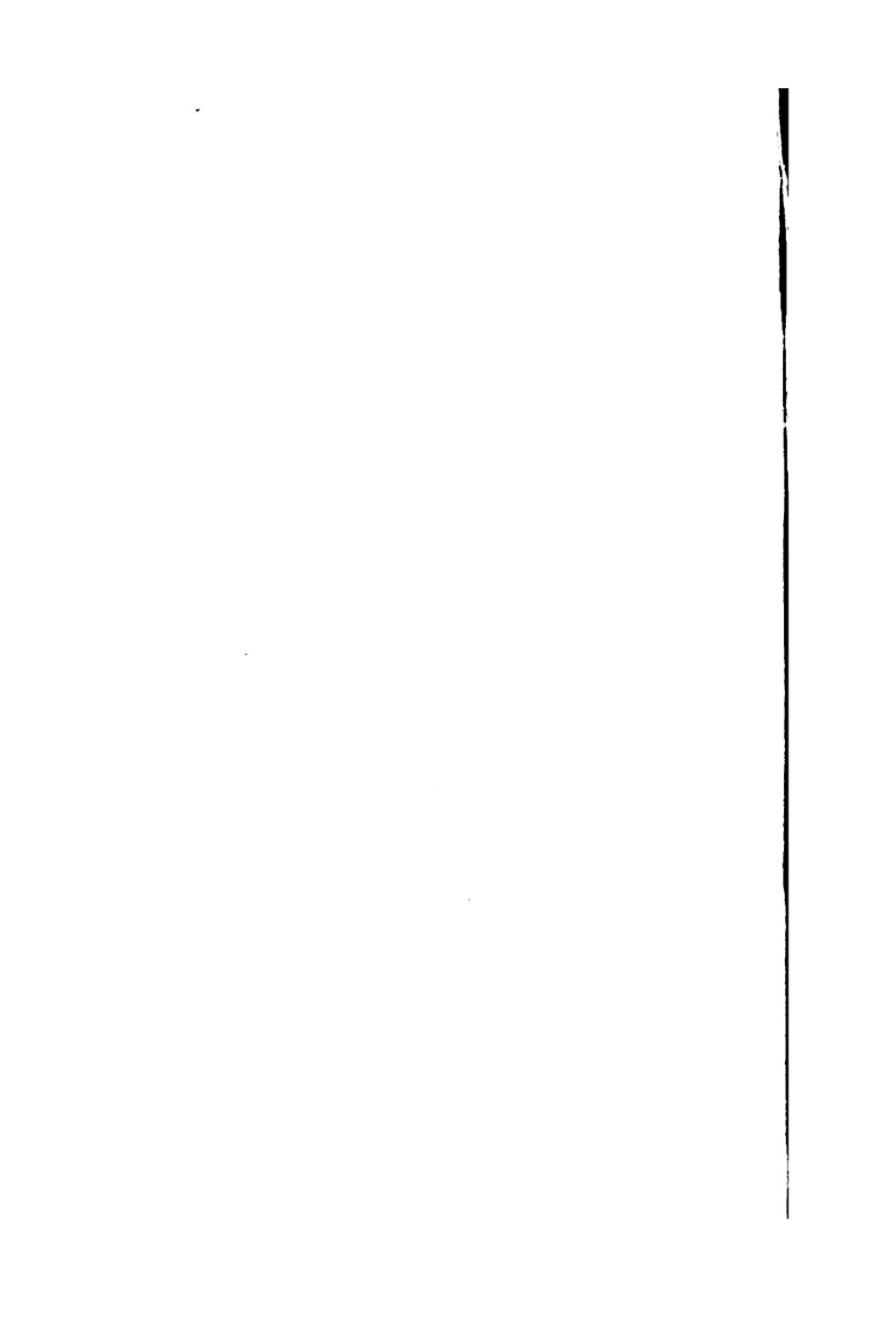
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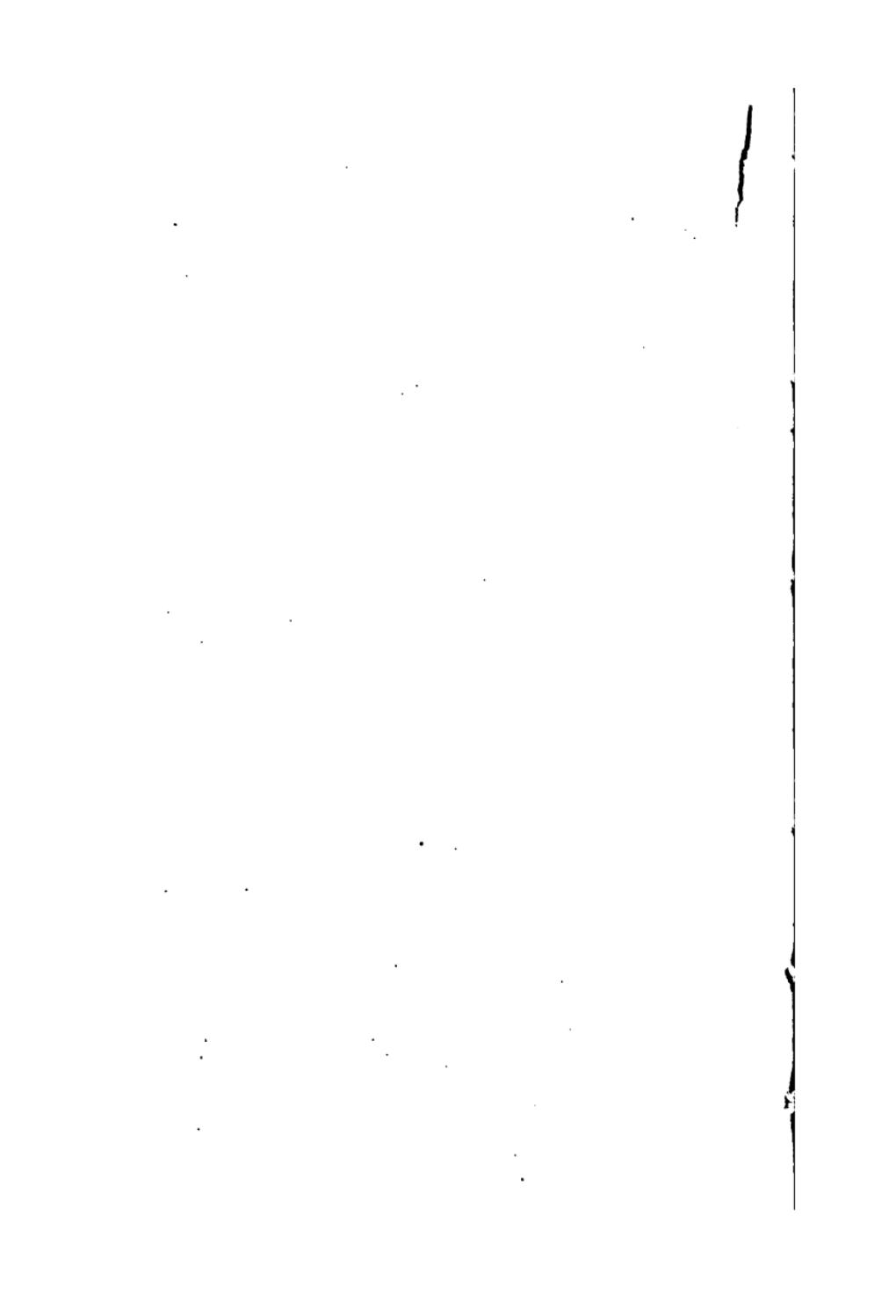


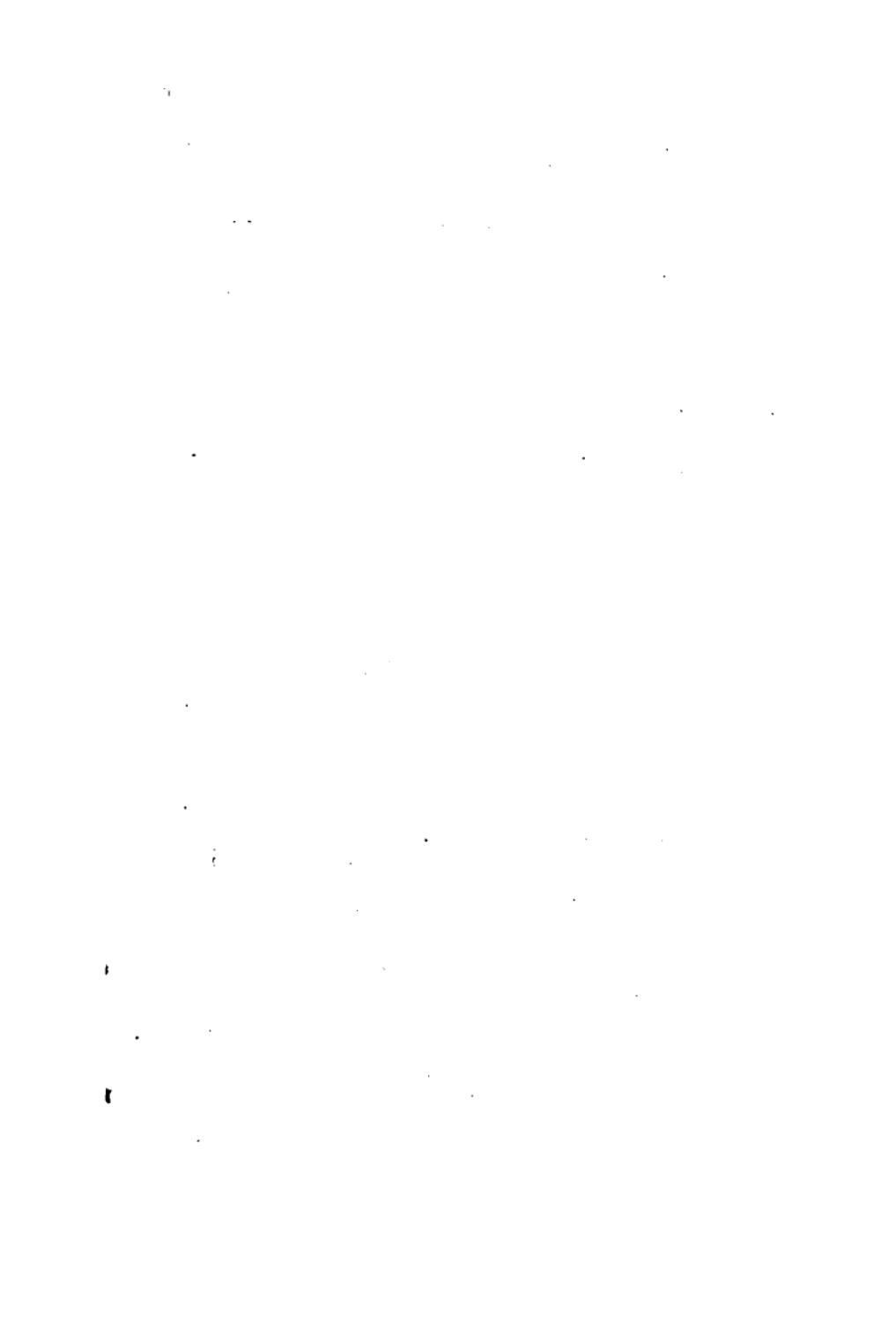
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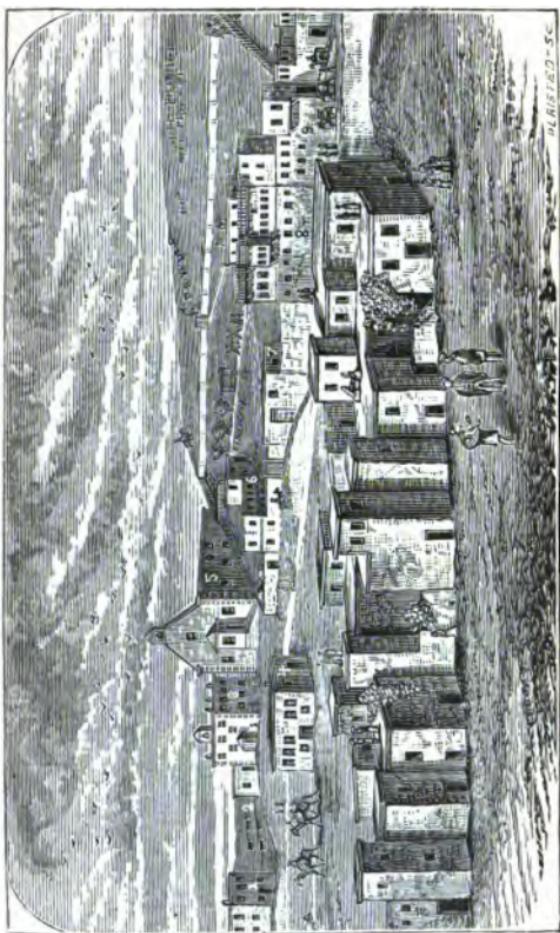
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LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

BY C. H. WHEELER,

MISSIONARY IN EASTERN TURKEY, IN ASIA; AUTHOR
OF "TEN YEARS ON THE EUPHRATES," "LETTERS
FROM EDEN," AND "GRACE ILLUSTRATED."

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to
come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of
heaven."

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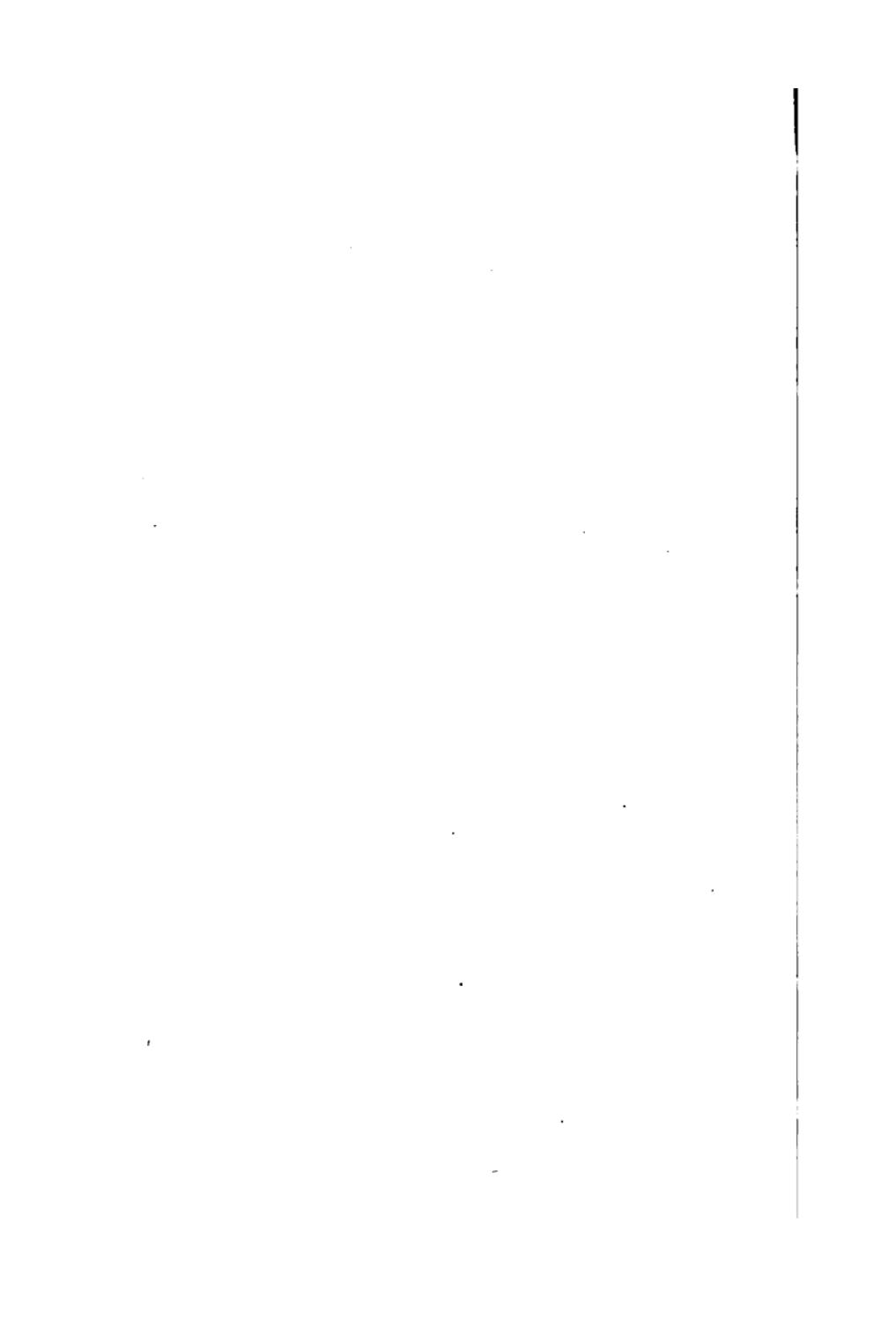
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TO
SABBATH SCHOOLS
AND
JUVENILE MISSION CIRCLES
THROUGHOUT THE LAND
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

TO MY YOUNG READERS.

Three objects of writing this book—“I thank the goodness and the grace”—Study the Bible—Send it to others.

CHAPTER II.

EDEN.

Where and what is it?—Paradise—Its rivers—Maps to be used—People—Gardens—King’s heart.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHILDREN.

Arabs—Yez-i-dees—Turks—Koords—Their catechism—Syrians—Armenians—Languages—Big little children—Large families—Brotherly kindness.

CHAPTER IV.

BABIES IN THE FAMILY.

City and village houses—How built—Loud knocking—The big entry—Occupants—Family room—Cradles and babies—Swaddling clothes—The nurse.

CHAPTER V.

NAMES.

Different fashions of naming children—Scripture style illustrated—Patriotic style—Baptismal names—Family names—“Baptized for the dead”—“Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

CHAPTER VI.

CHILDREN AT HOME.

The brother and sister—"Children should be silent"—Governed by grandpa—Obedience—Politeness—Betrothals—Sports—Ornaments—Dress.

CHAPTER VII.

EMPLOYMENTS OF CHILDREN.

Trades—Labors in harvest—"Vintage shouting"—Little shepherds—A day among shepherds—Abel—Churning.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Only a girl"—Mouth closed—Going to church—"No souls"—"Alas! alas!"—Children in the way—Jesus and little children.

CHAPTER IX.

SCHOOLS AND SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

A new thing—Studies—Baby marriages stopped—Teachers and pupils—All ages in the Sabbath Schools—Sabbath School in Harpoot—Assistants—Lessons—A bright boy—"Queen"—Miss Bush's class—Koordistan—"Holy bird, hear us"—Happy death of a Sabbath School scholar.

CHAPTER X.

THE LITTLE SABBATH-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

His parents—Sabbath School lesson—Avoiding temptation—Bitten by a mad dog—Sickness and death—"I went and cast myself on Jesus"—"I'll take my harp in heaven and join in my funeral song."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SEVEN YOUNG CROSS-BEARERS.

Chemishgezek and its school—Heresy-hunting teacher—King Abgar and the handkerchief—Saint-worship—“Must Jesus bear the cross alone?”

CHAPTER XII.

JESUS CONFESSED.

The Hoghi missionaries—“He is a prophet of God”—“We denied our Saviour”—“We came back to confess Him.”

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

A prayer answered—In school—Death near—Christ present—“Jesus, help Thou me”—A happy translation.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE YOUNG ORPHAN.

Lest alone—A Testament won—In school—Sick—The fearful nurse—“The angels are around me”—“Christ is teaching me”—Happy death.

CHAPTER XV.

YOUNG PRINCESS.

Name—Parents—“Begins to call on the Lord”—Visions—“Be patient and wait”—Bed-side prayer-meetings—“May I pray to go soon?”—Counting the moments—“Christ is by me.”

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT CAN I DO?

Get ready—Pray—Earn and give money—Juvenile Mission Circles—Persevere—Act from the best motives—Be a missionary at home, and a Christian—“We will come to Thee.”

CHAPTER XVII.

A STORY FOR YOUR OLDER FRIENDS.

All about the frontispiece—Armenia College—Christian benevolence—The cost of buildings, and salaries of teachers—Price of labor—And a plea for help.

CHAPTER I.

TO MY YOUNG READERS.



OME months ago, when I was trying to rest in Harpoot, Turkey, Mrs. W. and I took a pen-and-ink walk in our missionary garden with some of your older friends, and gathered a "Bouquet," which you may have seen.

While doing this, I plucked some pretty flowers which I felt sure would please you, and now, when compelled to rest longer here at home, I make of them a little nosegay to remind you of the missionary work in that pleasant land,—pleasant, not so much for what it now is, as for what it has been, and will be again, when Christ, "the second Adam," shall take possession of His garden and restore it to its primitive beauty.

10 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

In what I shall tell you of "Little Children in Eden," I have three objects. The first is to make you grateful that you was not born there. I once heard the children in a Sabbath-school in England joyfully singing,

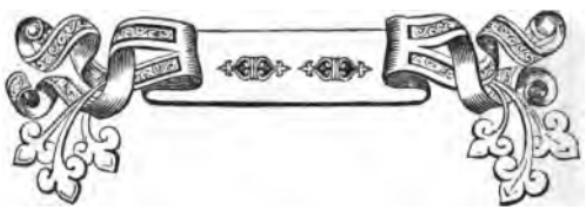
"I thank the goodness and the grace,
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these latter days
A happy English child."

They were right, and so will you be, if you thank God that you was born in *this* land. Before we finish the story of "Children in Eden," you will see that they are far, very far, from having as happy a lot as yours is.

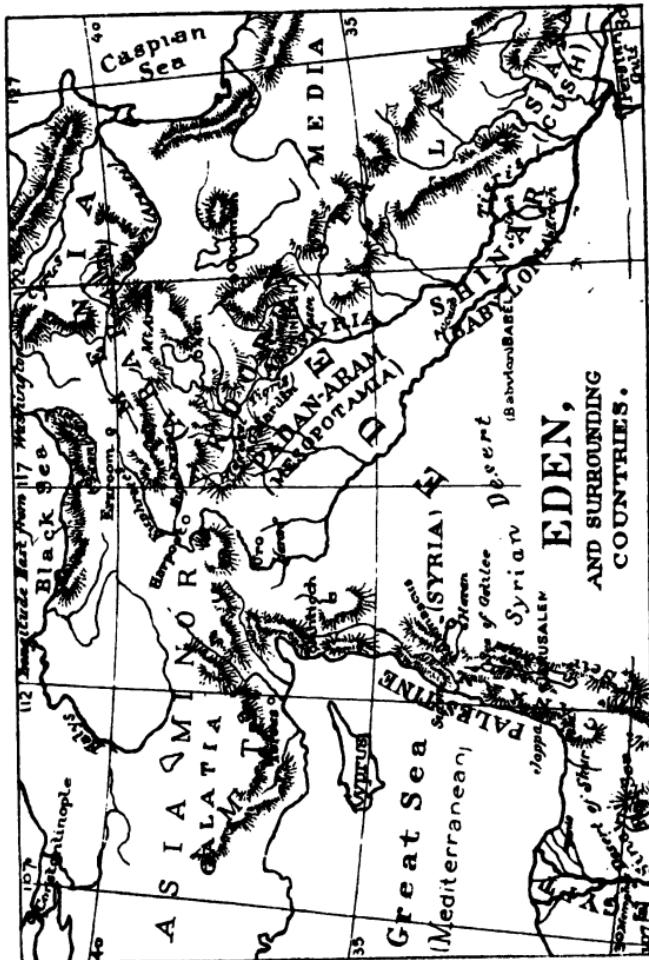
My second object in telling you this story is to lead you to study your Bible more, and to love that Saviour who gave it to you, and with it all the blessings which make you differ from children in Turkey. Before you reach the end of this little book, you will learn that some

of them have begun to love Jesus, and to "thank the goodness and the grace" which gave them His gospel and has made them not "happy English," but what is better, happy *Christian* children, such as you all ought to be.

My last object is to interest you in the missionary work, and get you to help in carrying it on, so that not only children in Eden, but those in other parts of Asia and in all the world, may join you in singing praise to God for birth in a Christian land and home. And then, when you and they go to live together in the Paradise above, they will thank you for sending them the Bible, and together you will strike your golden harps in praise to Him who saved both you and them by His own blood.









CHAPTER II.

EDEN.



HAT is Eden and where found? It is not, nor was it, as some think, a garden, for we read in Genesis that the Lord planted a garden *in* Eden, and that a river went out of Eden to water the garden. It was a country, a region so large as to contain at least four rivers, and the garden in which Adam and Eve lived was in that country, away beyond the ocean, in what is now Turkey. The name Eden means *pleasure, delight*, and the name Paradise, sometimes applied to it, means a *place of bliss*, which is the reason of its use to denote the final home of the saints, the Paradise above.

14 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

As two of the four rivers mentioned in Genesis, the Euphrates and the Hid-dekel, or Tigris, are in the eastern part of Turkey in Asia, we know that Eden was there.

To help you fix its position, and that of some other countries and cities around and in it, mentioned in the Bible, I give you a map. And with it let me give you a piece of good advice.

Whenever, in the Bible, or anywhere else, you read of any country, town, mountain, river, sea, or anything else which has place on a map, find that place, if you can, and if you can not, ask some one else to do it for you. By this means the Scriptures, especially, will have tenfold interest to you, and more and more the longer you live. Just how large a country Eden was we know not, nor just where the garden was. Perhaps it was at the point where, as you see, the Euphrates and the Tigris unite, and

from which, going *upwards* of course, the stream is “parted into four heads.” (Gen. ii: 10.)

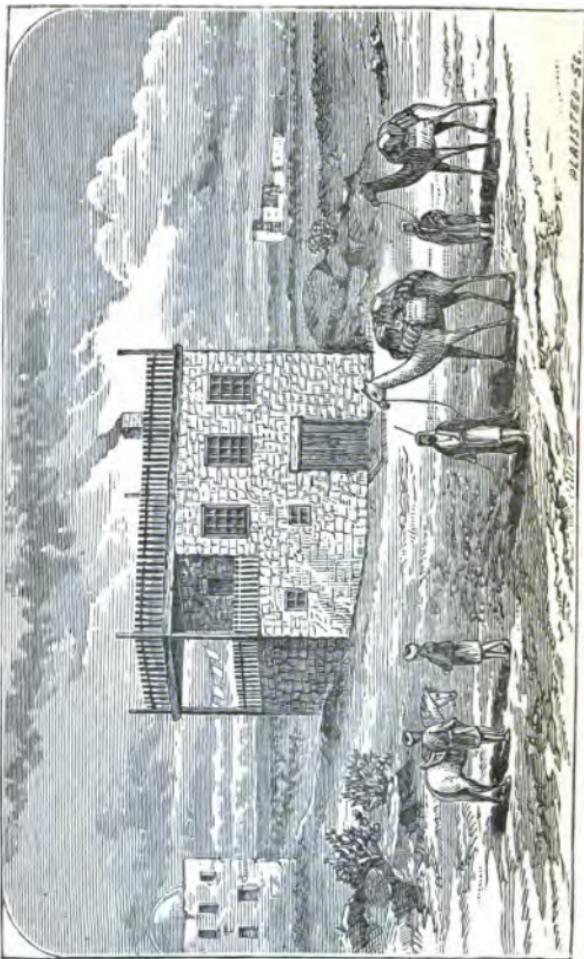
On the map you see Palestine, where Jesus lived, and Jerusalem, where he was crucified; Joppa, to which Jonah fled, and the sea, in which the fish swallowed him; Nineveh, the great city, to which he was sent to preach, and Babylon, its mighty rival, to which the Jews were carried captive, and against which Isaiah uttered such fearful threatenings (Isa. xiii: 19-22); Ur, Abraham’s city, and Tarsus, where Paul, the apostle, was born, and Damascus, perhaps the most ancient city in the world, with many others of which we cannot now speak.

To give merely the names of the different races of men who inhabit the regions, which were probably embraced in the primitive Eden, would delay us too long. The “Children in Eden,” of whom we are to speak, live chiefly about the

16 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

head waters of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers. Nor can we speak at length of even this smaller region and the different races who inhabit it.

Of the face of the country we must say in a word that it contains almost every variety of surface, from the broad plains of Mesopotamia to the almost inaccessible mountains of Koordistan. It is an interesting fact that some parts of this region still abound in gardens, in which still grows "every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food." But, alas! the tree of life is not there, and so sin has filled the land with the graves of its inhabitants. These gardens, too, are still "watered," not by rain from heaven, but by streamlets led to them from some river, by mountain streams, or tiny rivulets obtained from excavations on the mountain side above. And as the husbandmen, by a movement of the spade or foot, turn these little



CITY HOUSE.

streams hither and thither, to water some tree or herb, we have a beautiful illustration of the text, "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water ; He turneth it whithersoever he will."

2





CHAPTER III.

THE CHILDREN.



HEY belong to many races. In the south wander the Arabs, who, however free and noble they may be in their native deserts, are here, apparently, the most wretched of the wretched, wandering hither and thither, the younger children generally entirely naked, and the older ones clothed in rags.

Nominally, followers of Mohammed, a false prophet, who lived in Arabia many centuries ago, they are really little better than Pagans, and a look at one of their caravans is enough to make one exclaim, Alas ! can these be human beings ?

A little less wretched are the Yez-i-dees—devil worshippers—for they have fixed homes and some home comforts, such as their miserable mud hovels can afford.

In what we say of “Children in Eden,” we must leave out of the account these poor creatures, for whom we can do nothing more than to pity them.

After them come the children of the rulers of the land, the Turks, and those of the Koords, whose condition is much better than that of the Arabs and the Yezidees. But these, too, are Mohammedans, and sunk in the deepest spiritual darkness, about all the catechism taught them being, “There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet,” and “All Christians are dogs.”

Come we, then, to the remaining children, those of nominally Christian sects, and chief among these, the Syrians and Armenians.

Even these differ much from each other in many respects, chiefly in language, even when they belong to the same race. So mixed up are they with other races, that almost all have lost the language of their ancestors and taken that of some one of the conquering tribes that have in turn overrun the land.

Some speak only Arabic, others Turkish, and others again Koordish, and still others Armenian, while in their church services they use some other and more ancient tongue, which even their parents do not understand.

You see, then, that when I call them *nominal* Christians, "Christians in *name*," you must put much emphasis on the word nominal. Of real Christianity the most of them know nothing. What could you learn about a religion whose services were all in a tongue of which you knew not a word? And even about that worship in an unknown tongue, children are not expected to trouble themselves.

22 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

In speaking of little children in Eden, you will need to remember that, in that land, children remain such much longer than here, where boys and girls become men and women very early in life. Joseph, when about twenty years old, is called a child, and years afterward, when his brother Benjamin was probably thirty years of age, Judah speaks of him as "a little one." And you know that, when the sons of the patriarch Jacob were so old as to have children, and, perhaps grand-children of their own, they still lived with their father and obeyed him quite as well, at least, as when they were boys.

And the same state of things still exists in that land. When sons marry, they do not, as here, go out from their father's house and set up for themselves, but bring their wives home, where they and their children continue, like the sons of Jacob, to obey the head of the family.

When the father dies, the oldest brother takes his place, and all are expected to do as he says. When the family of Jacob went into Egypt, they numbered "seventy souls" (Gen. xlvi: 27). It is no uncommon thing now to find families numbering from thirty to fifty, and I once saw one which was said to contain seventy-five souls, five more than Jacob's, including the children of Joseph.

You can see how in such a family, where all the children are brought up together and obey the same head, cousins, sons and daughters of the different brothers, should call each other brother and sister, and how those called the "brethren" of Jesus may have been His cousins.

From the family thus remaining together follows one very pleasant result. Each brother shares in the earnings of all. I say *each brother*, because the sisters are early married and go to other

24 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

families in the fortunes of which they share, while the brothers' wives come in to fill their vacant places.

You know it often happens, even in Christian America, that sons of the same mother feel no responsibility to care for each other, and one poor unfortunate may suffer all the ills of poverty, and that from no fault of his—he may even become a pauper—while his rich brothers care not for him !

But it is time for us to pass to another subject.



CHAPTER IV.

BABIES IN THE FAMILY.



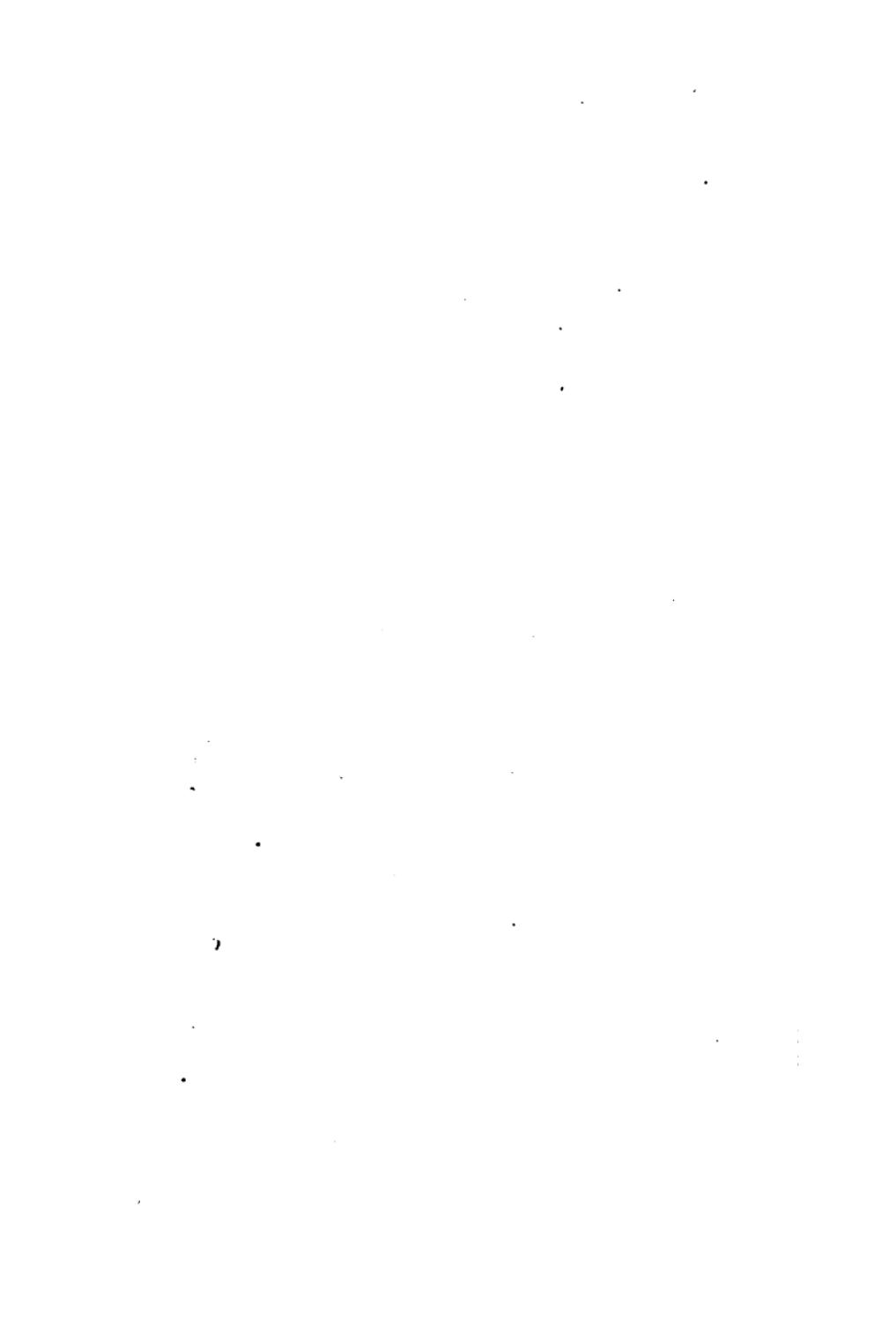
WAS about to write "Babies in the house;" indeed, before speaking of the family, we may as well take a look at a city house and one in a village, for in that land the two are generally different. Some city houses, indeed, have but one story and are very mean, and some village houses have two stories and are quite fine for their kind, but these two cuts give a pretty correct idea of the two classes of homes.

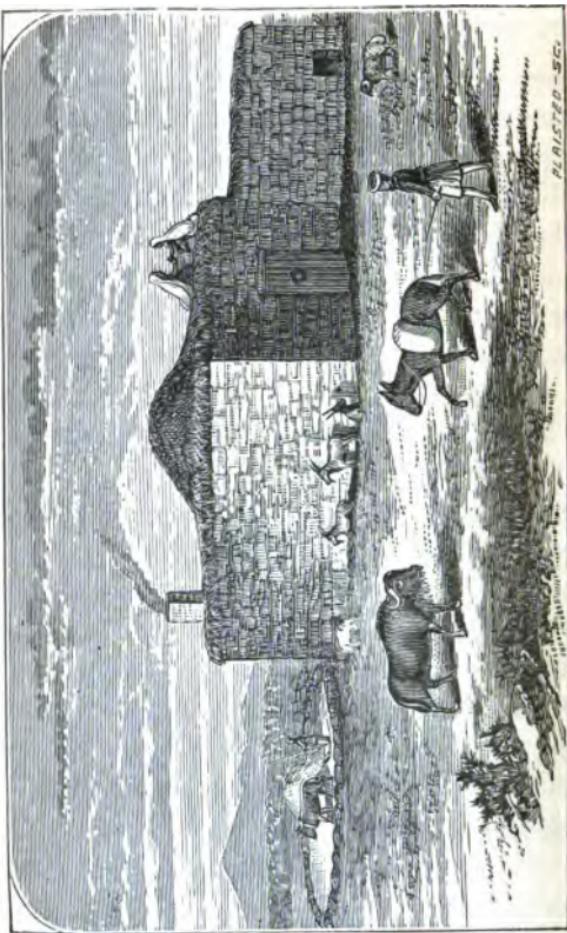
In building these houses, very few, if any, boards or nails are used, generally none in the village house, in which, also, glass windows are unknown where there

26 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

are any windows at all, a hole in the roof often serving the double purpose of windows and chimney. The foundations of the outer walls are laid with unhewn stone, with common mud for mortar, while the walls themselves are usually built of such brick as the children of Israel made in Egypt. To make these, stubble or chopped straw, such as their straw always becomes by dragging the threshing instrument to and fro over it, is mixed with mud which is then pressed into molds to give it shape, and the bricks are dried in the sun. The same mud is then used for mortar, and as the bricks are usually nearly a foot square and several inches thick, the rude walls go up rapidly. Unhewn timbers are then laid across the top and covered with sticks and a foot or more of earth, and the house is done.

There is no paint without nor within, no nicely papered rooms nor carpeted





VILLAGE HOUSE.

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floors. The walls and rafters, when not blackened with soot, are of their natural color, as are the floors of earth.

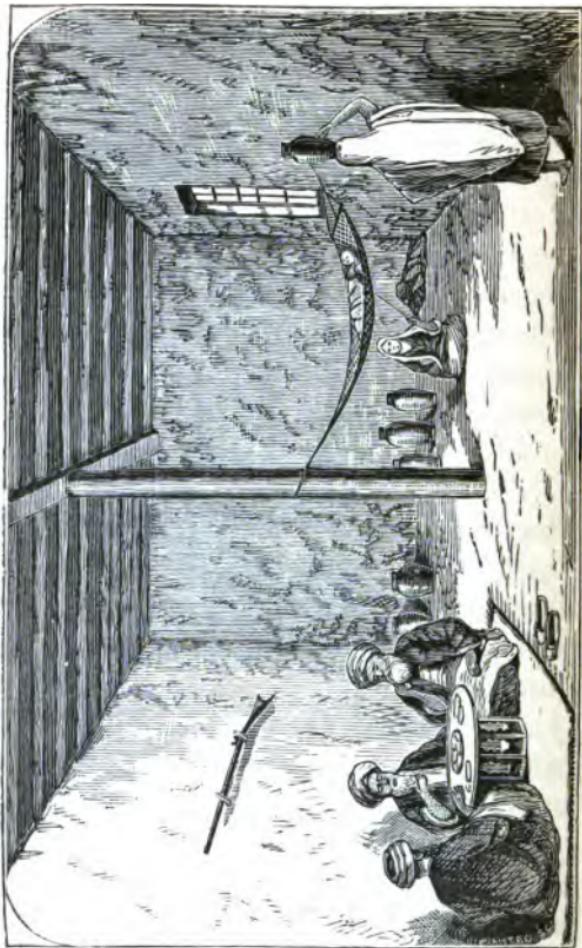
Knocking loudly at the door of this village home, or going upon the roof, if necessary, to call to the family through the hill-like window which you see in the cut, let us get an invitation to go in and see the children. You may well say that we need bat's, or, at least, cat's eyes, to see here; for, to one going as we do from the light of day, the darkness is indeed total; even the little air-hole in the roof of our big entry being now closed against the winter's cold. Now we begin to see why we were obliged to knock so loud. This entry is bigger than all the house beyond, and well it may be, for in it are gathered all the family wealth of oxen, cows, calves, donkeys, sheep, goats, and hens; and we must walk slowly and carefully, if we would avoid coming into collision with

them. Their breath and the heat from their bodies penetrate and warm the family room beyond, the fire which is needed for cooking being supplied by drying and burning their manure.

Entering this family room, we see plenty of new and strange things to talk about, but, as time presses and we came to see the little children, let us confine our notice to them.

Here are two of them, one tied into this queer looking hammock cradle, stretched between two posts which uphold the roof, which the other is swinging to and fro to put the little occupant to sleep. I dare say you never before saw such a little bundle of stiff humanity. Now you can see what *swaddling clothes* are, and how the baby is wrapped round and round with them from head to feet, back and forth, till the little mummy can be stood up in a corner like a small log. Hands and feet are fixed in their





VILLAGE HOME.

places, so that the wee thing is helpless, utterly unable to move a limb or a muscle. Even the little mouth is closed by a thick cloth laid across it. Such is the beginning of child-life in Eden. The reception of the little stranger has been arranged with the idea of allowing as small drafts as possible on the mother's time. And thus it must remain for months.

The little patient nurse by the side of the cradle shows that she has well learned her lesson, for the least sound from the little bundle is the signal for a vigorous swing, which speedily rocks it into silence. If the family is one like Jacob's in size, we find another hammock, with perhaps another cradle of a different style, and in each of them a baby bound.

Would you like a picture of the room and its contents, including the two cradles, to take home to show to your younger brothers and sisters?

30 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

I told you that in the east children remain such longer than here. The same is true of babies, who are frequently not weaned till they are quite large little boys and girls. Thus, in ancient times, when little Samuel left off being a baby, he was big enough to leave his mother and go to live with Eli in the house of the Lord in Shiloh.

In the towns the mothers in summer go out to work in the fields, and it is then the delight of some pretty large babies to take the usual riding place on mamma's back, sometimes sitting astride her neck. Of the larger children we shall say more by and by, and meanwhile let us talk about their names, which, as you will see, differ not a little from your own and those of your brothers and sisters.

CHAPTER V.

NAMES.



N few things do different nations differ more than in the manner of naming their children. And among the same people the style sometimes varies, like the fashion in dress, at different periods. But this is not the place, nor are we the persons to philosophise about names. What I wished to say is, that here the prevailing style has been the same all down through the ages, the Scripture style. While the people are, and for centuries have been, ignorant of the contents of the Bible, its names have been and still are household words. In place of one, we find many

32 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

Adams and Eves, while Moses and Aaron, the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Joseph, Joshua, and Samuel, Elijah, and Elisha, David, and Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, with most of the prophets down to Malachi, meet us at every turn.

New Testament names specially abound. Most of the twelve apostles—Judas never—Paul and his enthusiastic missionary helpers, never forgetting doctor Luke, nor Mark, are honored in every community, while, as with us, “Mary” has become almost a “common noun,” and Anna, Esther, and Elizabeth are found in almost every assembly. Nor are Zaccheus and Lazarus excluded, while Nicodemus *is*, his name being applied only to timid people who are afraid to avow their opinions by daylight. How unjust to him who may have come “by night” for a good reason, who afterwards publicly defended Jesus, and aided

in his burial. But that first coming still clings to his name, and warns us not to be timid, even in appearance, if we hope to be remembered with honor as followers of Christ.

But, not content with Scripture names, they commemorate its most striking events and characters, calling boys Harootune, "Resurrection,"—Hampartsoom, "Ascension,"—Avedis, "Gospel,"—Garabed, "Fore-runner," and Muggurdich, "The Baptist." We have, too, Astadoor, "God-given," and Hachadoor, "Cross-given," with Gabriel to keep them company.

Among the names given to the sisters of these boys, we hear Hunazant, "Obedient,"—Surpoohé, "Holiness,"—Badashan, "Answer,"—Takoohe, "Queen,"—Kohar, "Jewel,"—Hatoon, "Lady,"—Armavene, "Palm-tree,"—Altoon, "Gold,"—Vosgetel, "Gold-thread,"—Varter, "Rose,"—Vartig, "Little Rose,"—Shu-

shan, "Lily," and Aroosiag, "Morning Star."

A man in Harpoot honored the "three worthies" by calling his three sons Shadrach, Meshech, and Abed-nego. Like us, again, they are patriotic, and call some children by the names of the ancient heroes and martyrs of their nation. All these are what we call *Christian* names, that is, names given at the time of baptism, a rite which the mass regard as essential to salvation. No infant, dying unbaptized, can be buried in consecrated ground, such as are all their burial places.

There are, also, two sorts of *family* names. Usually, each child takes the name of his father. Thus Peter, the son of John, would be commonly known as "Peter Johnson," and, again, Peter's daughter, Hunazant, would be "Obedient Peterson."

Thus, in Scripture, we have "David,

son of Jesse," and "Simon, *son of Jonas*." The relation between children and their more remote ancestors is thus lost. Most families, however, have a permanent ancestral name, kept as an heir-loom, and brought forth only on great occasions. This family name is sometimes given from the occupation of some ancestor, or some peculiarity in his character. Many Protestant families are now beginning to use this ancestral name as our English ancestors began but a few centuries ago. We commonly use but one name, the family, and they but one, the Christian.

So it was in Bible times. Who can tell the family name of Barnabas or Paul?

One singular custom seems to me to throw light on what Paul says (1 Cor. xv: 29) about being "baptized for the dead."

Parents frequently baptize a little child by the name of one that has died;

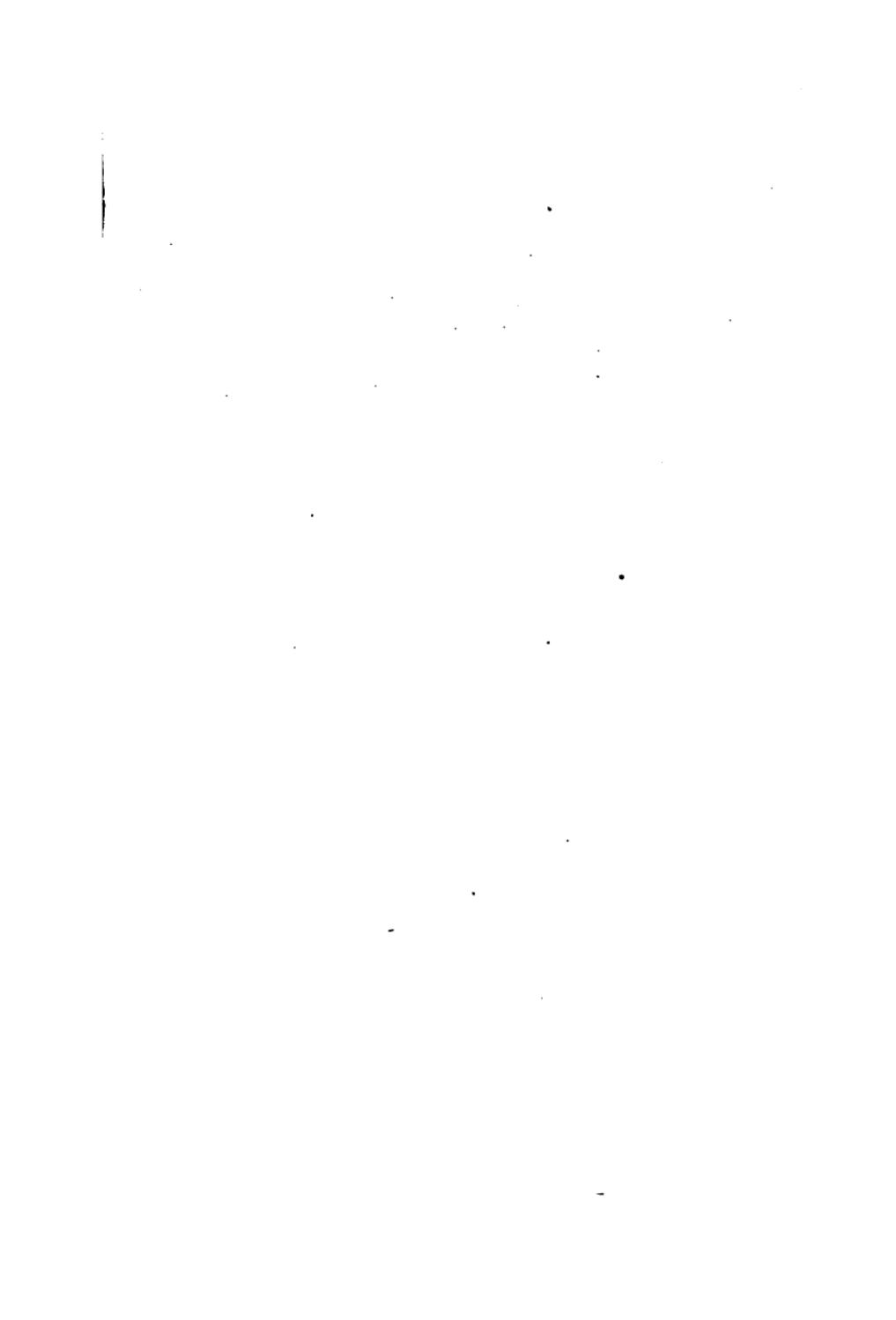
baptize it, so to speak, *for the dead*, to keep its memory fresh in the family. "What shall they do which are baptized for the dead," says the apostle, "if the dead rise not," if there be no future life? If departed friends have perished like the beasts, why try to keep their memory alive, by giving their names to others by baptism?

But this is rather a big subject to discuss with children, and we will pass on. Our talk about baptism recalls a partly sad and partly joyful fact in regard to the little children of this land. Half of them, or more, die young. As I pen this sentence, a letter lies before me saying that, in a town with a population of about two thousand, some seventy children have been carried off in a week, by that fearful scourge, the small-pox. Rarely does one in that land reach adult age without having this dreadful disease, which, destroying the eyes of multitudes

who do not die, hurries its tens of thousands of little ones to the grave.

The thought that these myriads of children, together with myriad millions from Christian and pagan lands, escape the threatened sorrows and sins of mature life, and are safely gathered home into the fold of the good Shepherd, gives new meaning and beauty to that declaration of the divine friend of the little ones, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." It is theirs, because, now, for six thousand years or more, earth has been sending its millions of millions of little children thither; theirs, because, of its vast population they are the great majority.







ARMENIAN BOY AND GIRL.

CHAPTER VI.

CHILDREN AT HOME.



HERE are two, a boy and his sister, from the "city house," those in the villages wearing a different style of dress. To talk at length about children at home would more than fill our little book, so we must confine ourselves to a few things in their home life. In our own land there are two sorts of persons who are very sure that they know perfectly well how to manage children, those who never had any, and those who, having brought up a family, have lived so long as to forget that they once were young. And both these classes agree in saying, "Children should be seen, not

heard." In the Orient the first class are seldom found, but the second govern the family, so that the theory of juvenile silence is carried out to perfection. And I must confess that children who are brought up by grandpa and grandma are models of good behavior at home. They manifest a reverence for age, of which boys and girls in this land too often seem to be destitute, and open disobedience is a thing almost totally unknown. The expression of a wish secures immediate and apparently cheerful compliance, even when it is far from being such. And when friends call at their home, they are never made to feel, as is sometimes the case in this land, that the house belongs to the children. Each child comes and, beginning at the chief seat, silently pays his respects to each guest in turn; the boys by touching the right hand to their own mouth and forehead, and the girls by taking the guest's hand and putting

it to the same places. To dwell upon the meaning of these movements and of the different styles of salutation in use among older people, would require too long a time, but at bottom the meaning of all is one of sincere respect for the person to whom they are made; and, beginning thus early in life, children acquire an easy and courteous behavior which those in more favored lands may well envy them. Offering their parents or a guest a glass of water, they stand respectfully by till it is drunk, when, with the same touch of the hand to mouth and forehead, they say, "May it be sweet," and take the glass. In short, respect, politeness is marked in all their intercourse with their elders. They do not, like boys and girls in this land, run for papa's slippers, when he comes home from the field or the market, for, though shoes are put off at entering the house, papa seldom wears slippers, but they

stand ready to do whatever he bids, including always putting in place the big, heavy shoes which he puts off at the door. If he smoke, they must bring his pipe or his nargileh, and a coal to put upon it, and, when food is ready, they bring the wash-basin and ewer, with a towel, pouring water upon his hands, and after the meal is over, do the same in turn for each one, beginning at the chief person. At meal-time they stand by, ready for any needed service.

The perfection of obedience is reached in submitting all their matrimonial arrangements to their parents, who choose wives for their sons and betroth their daughters, usually without any regard to the wishes of those most concerned. Indeed, these betrothals are sometimes made while the future husband and wife are still in their cradles, and quite often the marriage takes place before the parties enter their teens. You can see a

reason, then, why the little couple should not set up for themselves, but remain at home, like children, as they are. Yet the theory is that they are man and woman, and, to make sure of this being understood, a sword is hung at the bridegroom's side, as he rides to his wedding at the church, with his young bride on another horse behind him.

The sports of children, whether at home or abroad, are few, compared with those of boys and girls in this land. The hand-sled, skates, hoops, kites, tops, and the myriad toys which delight the favored possessors in the home land, are entirely unknown here. But with ornaments on the person they are better supplied than you. The old rhyme,

“With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She makes fine music wherever she goes,”

is sometimes literally illustrated here by the running of little girls about the

44 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

house with tiny silver bells around their ankles. Gold, silver, and even copper coins are plentifully fixed to the hair and about the heads and necks, especially of young misses engaged to be married.

Of their dress you can tell something from a look at the brother and sister shown to you. The colors cannot be seen, which are often very bright and gay. Red shoes are the delight of the little ones, as they would be to some of you, were it the fashion to wear them in your land. But 'tis time to turn to another subject, and see what these little friends of ours are doing.



CHAPTER VII.

EMPLOYMENTS OF CHILDREN.



HESE begin early. Happily, in these latter days, many children in the cities are early put at school, but the custom has been to put each boy, when very young, to learn the trade of his father. At this they patiently toil on many years before venturing to call themselves masters of even the simplest trade.

And the trades are what they were thousands of years ago, and about as rude. However much the outside world has advanced, this part of it has remained asleep, apparently hardly dream-

46 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

ing, till, within recent years, missionary influence has begun to rouse its slumbering people.

In the villages, both boys and girls labor in the fields, and especially in the busy harvest season. While the crops are growing, without any fences to separate them from each other and from the public highway, children must watch the cattle, and sheep, and goats, that they wander not beyond their feeding ground. Children, too, must generally sit day after day in the "lodges" (Isa. i: 8) to watch the gardens of cucumbers and melons and the vineyards, lest passers by carry off the growing fruit. And when the whitened sheaves are gathered in from the fields of wheat and barley, children must, day after day, sit in the hot sun upon the threshing drag, and drive the patient oxen round and round over the heap, till the flint stones inserted in its lower surface shall thresh

out the grain and cut the straw to the fineness of chaff, for winter feeding to the hungry flocks. Hay is almost unknown here.

A happy day, that, for the children, when it is announced that the time has come for "milking the vineyards." The oxen that tread out the corn—wheat—(Deut. xxv: 4) are sometimes "muzzled" to prevent their taking toll too liberally; but the children, who, on that glad day, go to help gather the rich clusters of grapes, never have their mouths tied up. And as families all go out upon the same day, the whole population combining their force to do the work quickly, the day of the "vintage shouting" (Isa. xvi: 10) is the most gladsome one in all the year, and its "ceasing" would indicate the saddest desolation possible.

In some parts of the land, as, for example, in the mountain ranges which stretch through it from east to west, the

48 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

raising of sheep and goats is the chief occupation of the inhabitants, and many a young David goes out with the flocks to the pasture grounds, and sometimes a Rachel too (1 Sam. xvi: 11, Gen. xxix: 9).

Never shall I forget one day spent among these shepherd scenes. At one place one stood at the foot of a hill dividing a descending flock, turning the sheep one way and the goats the other. A little farther on, a young shepherd, while watching his flock, was making sweet music on his rude pipe. Another flock was cared for by a maiden whose skin was no darker, perhaps, than Rachel's. Farther on, a shepherd was carrying a lamb in his bosom, and at a later hour, as darkness approached, a number of shepherds had gathered their flocks together, and with their dogs near, were preparing to keep watch over them through the night.

You can imagine how vividly were

brought to mind the shepherd scenes of the Bible, and how, though far to the north-east of the land where it was written, I seemed to be among the very men who wrote that holy book.

You will remember that the second boy born on the earth was a "keeper of sheep," so that this employment for boys dates back to a very early age.

When the milk of the flocks has been cooked and soured, the boys and girls must sometimes churn it into butter. This is done in a churn peculiar to the Orient. A goat skin is turned hair side in and hung up by the legs. The milk is then poured in through the neck and this being tied up, the skin is shaken back and forth till the butter comes. But enough has been said to show you that, in summer time, at least, the children of this land have plenty to do. In winter neither they nor their parents

50 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

do much more than care for their flocks and herds, which are kept all too closely housed from the cold, as we saw when entering the village house.



CHAPTER VIII.

BOYS AND GIRLS.



BEFORE we get through with this chapter, I think the girls who read it will be specially grateful that they were not born in Eden, where the expression "only a girl" has a meaning and force which are all too well understood.

A few incidents will illustrate this meaning and force. When a young bride is taken home to the house of her husband and his parents, she is expected to close her mouth, never to speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, except in a whisper, till specially permitted to do so, and in all things to obey both her

52 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

and her own husband without a word of reply. Her mouth is literally bound up, and it is regarded as very disgraceful for her to remove the covering. She is not to attend church for a long time, and, in some places, women are not allowed to attend till they are forty or fifty years old, lest their presence disturb the devotions of the lordly sex.

Some years since, a "Reader" in the Armenian church, one whose business is to aid the priests in the church services, came into a company where I was sitting, and opened a discussion in regard to their church. On my saying, "There is one duty which you neglect, that of teaching girls to read," he affirmed that it is not a duty, and that women ought to remain ignorant. I asked, "But have they no souls?" "If they have souls," he replied, "why are they women?"

When I exclaimed, "You are a dirty

bird to foul your own nest ; in saying that your mother had no soul, you call yourself a beast, since a soulless mother must have sons like herself," he said he had only been joking, but such was not the case.

A man entering a missionary's house one day, and seeing his little blue-eyed girl, who approached to offer him the usual salutations, exclaimed, "What a beauty ! I hope it is not a girl." When told that it was, "Alas ! alas !" was his exclamation, uttered in a tone which told the sincerity of his sorrow at the calamity.

But not to dwell longer on this painful theme, let us remember that only the gospel gives woman her position, in which she is loved and honored. Indeed we may say that children, too, of both sexes, little boys as well as girls, owe to the gospel all that is done for their real happiness, every effort to make them

54 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

wiser and better. Where the power of the gospel has not been felt, children are regarded as of comparatively little consequence, as having few if any rights which their elders are bound to respect.

The wee men and women are treated as if they were in the way, and turned off with the least possible amount of attention. When some little children were brought to the Saviour, His disciples took it for granted that He would not wish to be bothered with the little things, and "rebuked those that brought them." And we read that "He was much displeased," and took special notice of His little visitors. He so acted as to show that the spirit of His gospel was totally different.

He told His ambitious disciples that unless they themselves should be converted and become like those same despised little ones, they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. He took

the little things up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them, and from that day they have been blessed. It is a pleasing fact that this same gospel is beginning to bless the children in eastern lands, and to do away with the expression, "only a girl." It is time now that we turn attention to this gospel missionary work in Eden, and show how it is blessing the children here.





CHAPTER IX.

SCHOOLS AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.



O speak of schools and Sabbath-schools seems like a new thing in the Orient, and indeed, the Sabbath-school *is* a wholly new thing, introduced by missionaries within the few years past, while schools worthy of the name have been, till recently, comparatively unknown.

No schools for the masses have existed, those found here and there being opened only to train "readers" for the churches, a sort of choir to aid the priests in the church service. And the pupils in these, though staying in the school-room from early dawn till night,

learn only to read and intone the church service in their ancient tongue.

But, thanks to the power of the Bible to wake up mind and lead men to seek real knowledge, schools now abound, schools in which are taught most of the studies which you pursue, with generally the added blessing of a daily Bible lesson.

With very few exceptions, the pupils in these schools sit upon the floor, each boy or girl usually having a small cushion to relieve the hardness of the floor. In the schools opened directly under missionary influence the teachers are young men and women trained in mission seminaries, and well fitted for their work, for you must know that one influence of the gospel has been to stop baby marriages, and allow boys and girls to grow up to be young men and women, and choose their companions for themselves. A result is that, after studying,

they are able to spend some time in teaching others. In the district about the head-waters of the Euphrates and Tigris there are more than a hundred such schools under missionary influence, with more than four thousand pupils, while many more than this are taught in other schools.

These schools, you will remember, are among nominal, many of them *real* Christians. Nor has the work ceased there. What say you at girls' schools among even the followers of the false prophet, Mohammed? Yet these are found.

Would that the blessing of Sabbath-schools, also, were for them now. But it is not. It will, however, come in time, when little Turkish, Koordish, Arab, and Yez-i-dee children will, with you, learn the story of Bethlehem and Calvary, and love Him who was born and died there.

This story many hundreds are learn-

60 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

ing in the Sabbath-schools among the other nations who are scattered over this land.

These Bible schools have one advantage over most of those in Christian lands. Not only children, but young men and women with their parents, and even the gray-headed grand-parents, feel their need of Bible study, and are present in them. And, as the hurrying, impatient, restless spirit of our land has not yet entered here, they take time enough to talk over the lesson thoroughly. Some of the fruits of this study among adults appear in the "Bouquet from our Missionary Garden," spoken of in the first chapter, and other fruits you will see in the remaining chapters of this book.

Would that I could give you a "live picture" of one of these Sabbath-schools, with their little circles of Bible students, seated here and there upon the floor,

eagerly discussing some passage of God's Word, a copy of which each one has in hand.

In some places, Harpoot for example, the school is so large as to require a separate room for the "Little Children" of whom we are speaking, so into this let us take a look.

But here, too, we find two gatherings, one in the western and another in the central part of the city, and we can get our look all at once only by the kindness of Miss Hattie Seymour, the missionary teacher, who has a union meeting now and then. Here they are, a hundred and seventy-six of them, for to these union meetings every pupil comes, even those who may have been present but seldom before. Next to Miss Seymour, busily going hither and thither to superintend, our attention will be drawn to her assistants. This tall, black-eyed girl, who acts her part so decidedly and

effectively, is "Koordish Amy," of whom you hear in "Bouquet." Nazloo, the graceful miss next to her, is an Armenian, daughter of "Patient Sarkis." Let me whisper to you that, while, like all her fellow pupils in the Female Seminary, she is an excellent Bible student, she can work out a problem in Algebra as readily as her equals in age in our own land. Toma, the next, is from Diarbekir, a walled city on the Tigris, and Takoohé's parents live in this city, and so does the widowed mother of Badashan, teacher of the girls' school in Central Harpoot.

Some of the pupils are ten or twelve years old, while most of them are very young. But even the youngest has a verse to say. Here is a little four-year old, Armenag, who to his verse adds the ten commandments, upon which he has been studying for weeks, by the aid of his elder brother, Hohannes,—"John."

Little Anna, six years old, repeats just as many verses as she has seen years, while Eva,—“Eve,”—Takoohé’s little sister of seven, says twice as many verses. The secret of this is her sister’s zeal in teaching her at home. Some of the older pupils repeat twenty, thirty, and even forty verses.

Several girls are able to repeat the Psalms and the gospel of John entire; but even these are outdone by a boy of thirteen in a village near, who, during a single winter, committed, so as to repeat without mistake, the books of John, and first, second and third John, and Revelation, with a number of the Psalms. But the “assistants,” too, repeat their lessons, Takoohé,—“Queen,”—showing herself to be such indeed, by committing a hundred verses a week. The Bible has here a freshness which, in lands where it and other books have always abounded, it can not have. Λ

64 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

part of the hour or more of the session is spent in singing the sweet hymns which you know, and which have been translated into Armenian and Turkish, both of which languages are used in the school, though the smaller pupils know only the former, which is the language of their homes.

Miss Seymour usually closes the session by telling them some Bible story, and trying to impress its lessons upon them. The chapters which follow will show you that some learn those lessons *by heart*, and are made wise unto salvation.

Had we time, we would accept their eager invitation to stop a few weeks and be present at their annual festival when, on a week day, they have the coveted privilege of dressing up in their Sunday best and coming to the missionary home of their superintendent for an afternoon's enjoyment. We must just look in upon

SCHOOLS AND SABBATH SCHOOLS. 65

a class of boys of from twelve to fifteen years of age, taught by Miss Bush, Miss Seymour's associate teacher in the Female Seminary, and hear her tell some of the blessed results of her labors.

We shall be most cheered by a look at Boghos,—“Paul,”—son of one of the deacons of the church, of whom she says, “He is the joy of my heart because of his lovely, consistent Christian character. His experience is that of one whom God is leading.” At the close of each lesson she has a brief prayer-meeting with them. We would like, too, to look in upon the women’s Bible class, and see the little company, whose united bonnet and outer dress is a simple white sheet, and the clothes of some of them very poor, but among whom are found some good Bible students. And it would be pleasant to mount our horses and ride from city to city, and village to village over the land, and see the scores of Sab-

bath-schools which, like this, are drawing in the people, young and old, and teaching them the way of life.

I would specially like to take you a week's journey to Redwan,* in the wilds of Koordistan, the former center of Yez-i-dee power in the district, and a mission station of the native churches of Turkey, and where, but a few years ago, many Armenians were so ignorant as to pray to the sacred standard of the Yez-i-dees,—a brazen fowl upon a pole,—saying, “O holy bird, hear us!” but where now there is an earnest little church with the pastor of their choice striving to scatter gospel light in that wild, dark region.

A letter from this pastor lies before me, in which he tells of the happy death of a pupil in his Sabbath-school. “Just

* Those wishing further information of this mission field and work, will find it in “Ten Years on the Euphrates,” “Letters from Eden,” and “Grace Illustrated,” sold by the publishers of this volume.

before she drew her last breath," says he, "her brother asked her, 'Is Jesus near?' 'He is,' was her reply. 'Is He precious?' 'He is.' 'Do you think most of your sins, or of Christ?' 'Of Christ.' 'Will He receive you?' 'He will.'"

And she was not mistaken, for He himself says, "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," and "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

We cannot doubt that many in this dark land have thus been received by Him.

But it is time that we take a look at the little "nosegay," of which we spoke in chapter first, that we may see how beautiful and fragrant flowers the Lord is still cultivating in His garden in Eden, that missionary garden which He will at length extend till it include not only all that land, but also all the world.



CHAPTER X.

THE LITTLE SABBATH-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.



URKEY, the land of Mohammedanism, and of ignorant, corrupt Sabbath-breaking, *nominal* Christianity, is a hard place for little boys and girls to be good in, and so, good little boys and girls are rare. The dear Saviour gets most of His recruits for His heavenly Sabbath-schools by taking them in infancy from their mother's arms. And yet, thanks to Sabbath-schools, missionary day schools, full of Bibles, and to the grace of the same dear Saviour, we see here and there a little jewel shining brightly enough to have a place in even *His* crown of glory.

70 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

Such a one was Simon Manoogian, who died Feb., 1866, aged ten years, whose experience in life and death furnished a striking illustration of the text, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

His father, a merchant in Harpoot, and his mother, an excellent Christian woman, early accepted the gospel and united heart and life in the effort to make it known to others, and especially to bring up their family in obedience to its teachings. In this land, where Protestant neglectors of the sanctuary are very rare, this couple are conspicuous for regular and constant attendance with their entire household, even the successive little babes in arms being frequent, not always silent, worshipers with the great congregation. They have now built them a residence not far from beneath the literal "droppings of the sanctuary;" but in those earlier days their home was

in a distant part of the city, from which, however, little Simon's feet early learned the way to God's house. He there attracted our notice as a bright, intelligent little fellow, and one who seemed to enter into the spirit of the place and occasion.

It was then the custom, before each Sabbath service, for some boy from the Sabbath-school to repeat aloud, either the lesson of the day, or a hymn, or some selection ; and for these exercises little Simon was ever first and foremost in readiness.

On his last Sabbath but one at church, he repeated, without a mistake, more than a fourth of the questions and answers of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and for his last Sabbath had committed the sixteenth chapter of John, but was not called upon. His care to keep out of temptation, particularly on the Sabbath and on the way to the sanc-

tuary, was specially noticeable. So afraid was he of being annoyed, if not enticed, by the crowds of Armenian and Turkish boys, who generally fill the streets on a pleasant Sabbath, that he would not even look at them, but with the dignified, self-possessed mien of a young Samuel, made his way to God's house, where he was remarkable for interested, earnest attention to all that was said, even when one so young could not understand all, as is the case sometimes even in this land of pre-eminently simple preaching. When his Sabbath-school teacher spoke of the way of salvation, he was always deeply interested, but especially when he spoke of the work of the Holy Spirit ; and he frequently asked questions which showed that he was seriously thinking of what he heard,—that he was not far from the kingdom of God, even if he had not already entered it.

About two months and a half before

his death, he was badly bitten in the face by a mad dog, but the wound soon healed and the matter was forgotten. But one day he said to his school-teacher, "I am sick; my head aches," and was sent home to his mother. The next day he requested to see his pastor, and said to him, "I called you to tell you how grateful I am to you for teaching me about Jesus." The pastor talked, read, and prayed with him, and left. Shortly after, he asked his mother to lie down by him, and told her that he was soon to die and go to be with Jesus. From that time till his death the next day, he talked almost unceasingly of Jesus and heavenly things. The report of so strange a scene soon drew crowds of the neighbors to see and hear the "crazy little preacher," as he was supposed to be. The next morning he requested that his teacher and schoolmates, and the missionaries be called.

We then first heard of his illness, and went at once.

When we reached the house, they were all standing around the little couch upon which he lay, while he, in the brief intervals between the oft-recurring paroxysms of the dreadful disease, was telling them of his approaching death, and exhorting them to prepare to follow him. He then took from each one a book, slate, or some other article, and returned it as a special reminder of himself, and of the necessity of preparing for death, and, shaking each one by hand, bade him farewell.

This idea he seems to have got from a little book, "The Life of Mary Lothrop," which has been translated into Armenian.

Said he to them, "When I reach heaven I will pray for you, that you all may come there, too, and not go, like the rich man, where you cannot get even one drop of water."

We, too, for a moment, supposed that his mind might be wandering, and began to talk of other matters. When asked whether he knew us, he replied, " You are the kind missionaries who have given me so many exhortations." He then inquired after each one of our children by name, sending salutations to each, and saying he would like to see them. When, after talking with him in this way for a while, we asked him what made him think he was going to Jesus, he replied, " I was a wicked boy and did not care for these things, but last night God's Spirit seemed to say to me, ' You must die, so be ready.' So I went and cast myself on Jesus, and the Spirit seemed to change my wicked heart, and now I love Jesus and am going to Him." Could any one give a better definition of the new birth than this, which we believe the Spirit Himself had experimentally taught this little one? Till then no

one had assented to his assertion that death was near. No one understood his disease, and, had they done so, most would have pursued the usual course, trying to persuade him that he would soon be well again. As we entered the room, a poor old woman was sitting by him, saying, "Lamby, lamby, don't talk so, nothing is the matter with you ; you will soon be well again."

But, though we had not before seen a case of the fearful disease, there was no mistaking those terrible, unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia, and we said to him, "Dear child, you are right ; you are, indeed, going to die, and that soon. Are you not afraid of death ?" His reply was in the words of the beautiful 23d Psalm, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me," and turning his face upward, he said, "My

eyes have been opened, and I seem to see Jesus sitting upon the right hand of God. The way is plain before me, and I am going." At times his pain was so intense as to compel silence, but even when his whole frame was shuddering under the power of the dreadful disease, his face was radiant with delight, and, ere the paroxysm was wholly past, he would begin again to talk of Jesus and heaven. Not an impatient word escaped his lips. When we asked if he had any request to make, he replied, "Yes, I wish you to comfort my parents," and turning to them he said, "Read the first chapter of Job and be comforted. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.' In a short time you will put my body into the grave. Do not do it weeping, but sing the hymn,

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above,
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home,"

and I in heaven will take my golden harp and join in your song." He requested us to join him in singing,

"Out on the ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound."

Till then the paroxysms of disease had frequently interrupted him, but when he began to sing, they ceased. The soul, thrilled by heavenly enthusiasm, arrested the force of the death-bearing poison, and he sang to the end in a clear strong voice.

Can any one wonder that all were compelled to leave him to sing alone that last stanza,

"Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last ;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God all our dangers are o'er ;
We stand secure on the glorified shore :
Glory to God ! we will sing evermore ;
We're home at last, home at last."

Can any one wonder that gazing on such a scene, in this dark land, we mis-

sionaries were compelled to stop and weep, and let the little sufferer "sing himself away" alone "to everlasting bliss?" And can any one wonder that the poor, ignorant people imagined that the little patient was "out of his head?" We left him, thinking he might live some hours, but in a few moments the news followed us that he was gone. Just before he died, he requested his parents to thank us again for coming to tell him of Jesus. "Ah," said he, "if the missionaries had not come, I should have died in darkness and been lost." Drawing his mother down to him he said, "dear mother, the place to which I go is so beautiful! I wish, you, too, could come with me." Shortly after, he said, "Mother, I can't talk any more, shall I shut my eyes and go now?" "As you wish, darling," she replied, and, at his request, helped him close his eyes, when he immediately passed away with "Jesus" on his lips.

One needs to see, to *feel* the dense spiritual darkness which then, more than now, even, enveloped all about us, to feel as we did, how brightly shone such a death scene.

In a few hours we committed his body to the grave, singing, as he had requested,

“Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,”

and while doing so, we thought of him as among the redeemed ones in heaven, striking his golden harp in praise of Him who had taught him how to die, rejoicing that he was free from the body of sin and death, safe home at last; and, while we sung, we blessed the same dear Saviour for the privilege of being His missionaries here. We blessed Him, do so still, and expect to praise Him still more when we meet those redeemed ones in the heavenly home.

“Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

“ O'er all those wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, The Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

“ No chilling winds, no poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

“ When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Saviour's face,
And in His bosom rest ?

“ Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves before me roll,
Fearless, I'd launch away.”





CHAPTER XI.

THE SEVEN YOUNG CROSS-BEARERS.



HE city of Chemishgezek, some forty miles north of Harpoot, has proved itself a hard field to cultivate. The mass of the people have more or less intercourse with Constantinople, by visiting which they have become in a certain sense enlightened, and, in another, enshrouded in deeper spiritual darkness. They have, from the first, been bitterly opposed to the progress of evangelistic work among them, proceeding at times to great lengths in manifesting their hostility.

At one time we had much hope of gaining a wide influence among the

84 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

young by their attendance on our school..
Some came and learned to sing the
sweet hymns which have been transla-
ted into Armenian, such as,
"Around the throne of God in heaven,"—
"I think when I read that sweet story
of old,"—
"Sweet hour of prayer,"—
"I want to be an angel,"—
"Shall Jesus bear the cross alone,"—
"We'll not give up the Bible,"—
and others.

We hope that some day these sweet
hymns will lead some of the singers up
to where they will sing the "new song."
Already has some good fruit been seen,
though unfortunately our school there
has been closed. Determined not to
have their young people led astray by
such teachings, the chief Armenians of
the place opened schools of their own,
and made such efforts as to withdraw
most of the pupils from ours. But the

new heresy of hymns was not so easy to root out, and some of the boys continued to sing them, and even ventured to discuss, with their fellows, the question of the rightfulness of some of the ceremonies of their church.

The teacher, a very bitter enemy of evangelical truth, one day heard some of his pupils engaged in such a controversy. Said one boy, "I say it is right to kiss the pictures of the saints upon the church walls, and to burn candles before them." "No, it is not," replied his opponent, "we are commanded to worship God alone." "We should keep the fasts," said one, "for God has appointed them." "Not at all," replied another, "they are only a device of men." Resolved to put an end to all this, and supposing that the little heretics would not dare to avow such notions in public, and before him, he called on all the school to rise, and when they had done so, said,

86 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

“Now let the Protes,”—a term of contempt for Protestants—“step to the front.” To his surprise, seven little boys came forward, and he asked, “What! don’t you believe in worshiping the pictures of the saints?” Now, among a great many other legends, true or false, the Armenians have one, dating back to the days when Christ was upon earth. The story runs, that Abgar, one of their kings, living in Oorfa,—“Ur of the Chaldees,”—being grievously sick, and hearing of the fame of Jesus’ miracles, sent messengers for Him to come and heal him. Some say that the Greeks who desired to see Jesus (John xii: 21) were these messengers of King Abgar. Receiving from Jesus a letter to their king, promising to send one of His disciples after His death, together with His face impressed upon a handkerchief, by the power of which their king should be healed, the messengers set

out on their return ; but being attacked by robbers, lost the holy relic, which was never seen again.

When, then, the teacher said to the seven little boys, "What ! don't you believe in worshiping the pictures of the saints ?" one bright little fellow replied, "Please, teacher, if Jesus did not have His own picture kept, that we might worship that, but let it fall into a well and be lost, how can we think it right for us to worship the pictures of *common saints* ?"

What could the poor teacher do ? Just what men of that stripe always do when beaten in argument, use authority and force. So he referred to the school to decide what punishment should be inflicted on their little heretic schoolmates, and they, in the true spirit of all zealous neophytes in the business of making others believe as they do, decided for the most contemptuous sort, spitting on them, a kind of punishment in use in

the Orient, from the earliest times. "If her father had but spit in her face, should she not be ashamed seven days?" said God to Moses, when fixing Miriam's punishment. Thus, too, the Saviour was spit upon in token of scorn. So the youthful inquisitors, having fixed upon the punishment of their seven victims, proceeded to inflict it, and all the school marched in procession before them, spitting upon them, or pretending to do so.

In token of their satisfaction at the deed done, they then joined in one of their national, patriotic songs. But the seven did not feel like singing, so the teacher called out to them, "Sing I tell you!" to which one of them replied, "We will sing, if you will sing a spiritual song." "Sing that yourselves!" exclaimed he in vexation, when they at once struck up,

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?

THE SEVEN YOUNG CROSS-BEARERS. 89

No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

"The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me."

When I once related this incident to an English audience, and, at the close, cautioned them against regarding it as proof positive that those seven little boys really loved the Saviour, and had begun to bear the cross for Him, a lady, Mrs. Luke, niece of Rev. Baptist Noel, and author of "I think when I read that sweet story of old," etc., and other hymns for children, took me to task, saying, "You must never say that again!" "But it is true," I replied. "No matter if it is," replied she, "don't say it." I promised her that I would not, and so I will not, nor will I express a contrary opinion. Be that as it may, they certainly *confessed* their Saviour under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and

trial, the like of which would test severely the faith and the love of some older, real Christians ; and our prayer is that the entire seven, the “perfect number,” and through their influence, many of their playmates may be true cross-bearers, and at last be found perfect in Him who, having Himself borne the cross, bids all His disciples take it up daily and bear it after Him.

“A Pilgrim through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last!

“Such was our Lord ; and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, civil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

“No ! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press thro’ storm or calm,
To Zion’s blessed hill.”

CHAPTER XII.

JESUS CONFESSED.



HE gospel had a hard struggle to gain a hold in Hoghi, a village of some twenty-five hundred inhabitants, half Armenian and half Turkish, about six miles south-east from Harpoot ; but when it did gain an entrance, its influence became all-prevading among the Armenians, even the little boys of the Sabbath-school forming themselves into a home missionary society, whose members went from house to house to teach people to read, talk to them of the way of salvation, and read the Bible and pray with them. But, as it always happens,

when persons are sincerely in earnest in one department of Christian labor, that they desire and seek progress, also, in other subdivisions of the one great field, so here. Some of these boys began to feel that their duty was not done by laboring for the enlightenment of their own village alone. What would become of the not far away foreign field? The village of Ghoorbet Mezereh, about two miles to the north of Hoghi, has a mingled population of nominal Christians, and Mohammedans, the latter of whom the Armenians call in their tongue, *hetanose*,—"heathen." But our young missionaries could hardly venture to try their hand at first on the heathen, even in their own village, so, as the apostles at first preached the gospel to the Jews only, they resolved first to try their hand upon those of their own nation in Ghoorbet Mezereh. So one Sabbath morning two of them, about

fourteen years old, taking their Testaments, started out for their new foreign field. But as God usually prepares His people for lifting up by first casting them down, strengthening their faith by subjecting it to strain in some weaker point, so happened it to our two young missionaries. Hardly had they entered the village, ere they encountered a company of Turks, who, seeing the young Protestants, decided to try their courage and see whether, like the Armenians in similar circumstances, they would deny Jesus as the Son of God, or confess Him, at the risk of exciting that rage which such a confession usually excites among the followers of the false prophet. So, "Boys, what do you say of Jesus?" was the salutation with which they met our two missionaries. Alarmed and bewildered, they made the usual reply, "He is a prophet of God," a reply acceptable to Mohammedans, who ac-

knowledge Christ as a prophet, only as inferior in rank to Mohammed.

Somehow the little missionaries did not succeed very well in their missionary work that day. They were like poor Christian when he had been asleep and lost his roll. So by and by they turned homeward, but, when about half-way home, one said to the other, "Brother, my heart is very heavy;" "And so is mine too," replied the other, "but what is the cause of your sadness?" "Oh, I denied my Saviour," was the reply; "And that, too, is the matter with me," said the other; "but what are we to do about it?" To this the reply was, "Let us kneel down here and ask Jesus for courage to confess Him, and then go right back and do it." No sooner said than done. They prayed and turned back, and found the Turks still assembled, who asked, "Boys, why have you come back?" "We came back," they re-

plied, "to confess our Saviour. We said He is a prophet of God. He is that and more. He is the Son of God. the only Saviour of the world."

Strangely enough, the followers of the false prophet respected the boys' integrity and courage, and manifested no displeasure, though not many years ago immediate death would have been the penalty of such a confession. The boys returned home with light hearts. Happily, in their case we can say what we could not in the case of the "seven confessors" of Chemishgezek, that they seem truly to love the Saviour—one of them, Kapriel,—"Gabriel,"—is an especially earnest Christian, and only kept from entering the Theological Seminary and the ministry by the opposition of the wife, whom his parents, following the usual oriental custom among nominal Christians, provided for him in early life, and, we must add, by a little lack of

stability of purpose on his own part. The other, Hohannes,—“John,”—has spent a term in the Normal School fitting himself for teaching, and is known as the “best member” in the family to which he belongs, and who, from undue worldly-mindedness, prevent him from prosecuting his course. Will not each reader offer one prayer for these two young confessors, that, in the ministry or out of it, they may be faithful, earnest followers of Him whom, when so young, they began to confess.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.



PARIS Minasian, the girl whose death-bed experience illustrates this triumph, was born in Baghchejuk, about the year 1857. Her father died a happy Christian death when she was four years old, and her mother removed to Constantinople, taking this her only child with her.

Reading in the missionary paper published there some account of the evangelical work in Harpoot, the mother, an earnest Christian woman, prayed that she might be blessed by dwelling amid such a work, and her prayer was an-

swered by an invitation from a young man from Harpoot to become his wife, and accompany him home. Here we first saw Paris, when she was about ten years of age. At thirteen she was received to the Female Seminary as a day pupil, manifesting, from the first, an eager desire for knowledge, so that, when she failed to have a perfect lesson, her teachers knew that there was some sufficient reason for it. Her deportment, from the first, was in all respects irreproachable, but she lacked one thing. She felt no deep interest in spiritual things. But the exercises of the usual seminary fast-day, during the second year of her attendance, made a deep impression on her mind, and from that time the whole tenor of her life appeared to be changed, and Christ to have the first place in her affections. Up to her third year in the seminary she had never had a day's sickness, but then an attack

of fever and ague was followed by a trying cough, and it soon became apparent that she had quick consumption. The disappointment of being compelled to leave her much loved school was very great, but she bore it with exemplary patience, not a murmur escaping her lips. "She seemed," said one of her teachers, "to be lifted above the world, and to be only hungering after more of Christ's presence."

The announcement that she must soon die was received with perfect calmness. At her request, her pastor came and read, talked and prayed with her. Reading the twenty-third Psalm, he asked, "Do you fear death, Paris?" "Oh no, not at all," was her reply. She then requested that they sing,

"Jerusalem, my happy home!—
Name ever dear to me!—
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace, in thee?"

“My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger :

“For now we stand on Jordan’s strand,
Our friends are passing over ;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.”

“Last night,” said she, “I thought much of death, and the thoughts were very sweet to me. When will come the sweet hour of my departure?” She had had a dream in which she heard three bells. Her mother quickly interpreted this as portending the death of Paris and two of her three younger sisters, and, sadly enough, one little one followed her in four days, and the other during the year. “But I shall die first,” said Paris, “but do not weep, mother. Send my last salutations to all my friends, and tell them I have gone to heaven.”

She was a great sufferer, but bore all with sweet submission, sometimes look-

ing up and exclaiming, "When shall I go? When shall I reach you?" She took great delight in a sweet hymn of which this is a translation,

"O Jesus, help Thou me,
For very weak I am;
I'm coming now to Thee,
For Thou hast bid me come.

O Jesus, help Thou me,
I nothing know at all,
And now I come to Thee,
That Thou may'st teach me all.

O Jesus, help Thou me,
My heart is full of sin;
I give it up to Thee,
That Thou may'st make it clean.

O Jesus, help Thou me,
Thou knowest what I need;
May I so trust in Thee,
As e'er to have Thine aid.

Just before her death she asked those about her to sing,

"I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing."

She then called her mother, who, supposing she wished some water, proposed to bring it, but she said, "No, I do not need anything. Only close my eyes. I am going now to Jesus;" and then looking upward, added, "I come, because Thou sayest 'Come!'" and thrice repeating the words, "I come, I come, I come!" just as the Sabbath dawned she entered, we doubt not, into the heavenly rest. "Well," said one, "it did not seem like death, but rather like a happy translation."

"The world recedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE YOUNG ORPHAN.



OME twelve miles south-east from Harpoot, and beneath the shadows of a northern spur of the Taurus range, which skirts the extended plain of H., lies the little village of Sarputsik, in which an interesting evangelical work has opened. During a visit there in 1870, our attention was drawn to an interesting, bright-looking little orphan boy of thirteen, who manifested an unusual thirst for knowledge, and was pursuing it under peculiar difficulties. Deprived of his mother when but two years old, and of his father at

the age of four, and stripped by greedy relatives of the little remaining property, he had been cast alone upon a world which, in these parts, is, even more than elsewhere, pitiless to the orphan.

An aunt, herself poor, had pity on the poor little waif, and took him to her home for a time. Hardly emerged from infancy, he began life's hard struggle in the effort to care for himself.

Fortunately, though inexplicably, in this land of aristocratic despotism, while poverty is oppressed, it is not, as too often, even in republican America, despised; and the penniless young orphan, though compelled to do menial service for his daily bread, was treated by all with respect. With his eager desire to learn, he had laid tribute upon every reader who came in his way, and thus learned to read, and at length, to his great joy, possessed himself of the New Testament in the ancient tongue, with

the privilege of entering the newly opened Protestant school in the village.

But greater still was his joy when, exchanging his Testament for a Bible in the modern, spoken tongue, and providing him, on credit, with a few other needed books, we put him on a course of preparation for the Normal School in Harpoot. Entering here, he developed no remarkable degree of talent, but was known as a faithful, industrious, Christian student, making good progress in his studies.

Teaching a school in his native village during the winter, he obtained the means of purchasing additional text-books, and re-entered the Normal School in the spring of 1873.

But ere many weeks he was seized with typhoid fever. When a woman, who had nursed two typhoid patients, was requested to care for him, she declined, saying, "Persons sick with this

disease blaspheme so that I can never nurse another." Persuaded, at last, to try her hand on "a good young man, who would not blaspheme," she, with a trembling heart, had him brought to her home, where he lingered six days, being in his right mind but one, the Sabbath, a part of which he passed in singing such hymns as,

"Safely through another week,
God has brought me on my way."

and praying, and conversing with his nurse.

From that time till his death, on the following Thursday, his wanderings were all amid scenes celestial. He almost continually imagined himself to be surrounded by heavenly beings, who conversed with and cared for him. Once he exclaimed, "Sister Hazik, get up, get up quickly! Stand, but do not come near me, lest you touch the angels who

are around me." He then went on talking with the supposed visitors, and when she said to him, "I cannot understand you. Are you talking ancient Armenian?" he replied, "Christ is teaching me, and you do not understand our language." He often said, "Do you not see them, Jesus and the apostles, the prophets, the cherubim and the seraphim? They are all around me, and they bring me living water, and I drink it, and Oh, how good it is!"

When, one day, asked to eat something, he said, "The angels have brought me bread, and I am satisfied, and wish for no more." At another time he called out, "Look, Hazik, look! Heaven is opened, and Oh, how beautiful it is! Obey the gospel and you shall enjoy all those beautiful things. You will not go now, but be ready." At another time, looking upward and smiling, he said, "I am coming, I am coming."

He took special delight in hearing his favorite hymns, and the nurse, with her feeble, broken voice, often sung these to him,

“I’m a pilgrim, and I’m a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.”

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !”

“We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there !”

“Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God ?
Yes, we’ll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.”

Well, perhaps these *were* all “nothing but the delirious fancies of a fevered

brain," but how happens it that only the gospel of Jesus helps people to pass through the dark valley in such a sweet delirium of enjoyment?

The nurse does not call it all a dream, and now says that when she hears that any young Christian is sick, instead of dreading, as before, to approach his bedside, she craves the privilege of caring for him, in hope of enjoying another such week as that she spent with young Minas Sarkisian.





CHAPTER XV.

YOUNG PRINCESS.



HE Orient with its *babel* of tongues affords, sometimes, a greater confusion of names.

The process by which, in the middle ages, surnames took rise, or at least acquired some fixedness of form, among our fathers, is now going on here, and it not unfrequently happens that some peculiarity of body or mind on the part of a father furnishes a surname for his children and children's children. And this name may be given in any one of the several languages which are common among the people.

It thus frequently happens that an

112 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

Armenian or Syrian family are designated by a Turkish name. Names are found, part in one tongue and part in another ; and, again, a name is wholly in a tongue alien to the family or person bearing it. Such a name bore our subject, Sultana Arslanian,—“Princess Lion,”—the former her baptismal name and the other derived from her paternal grandfather, Stephen, who from his personal prowess received the appellation Arslan,—“Lion.”*

Sultana’s parents are persons in humble life,—“poor but honest,” as the old style would have it,—her father, Hachadoor,—“Cross-given,”—being a blacksmith, or farrier, rather, whose shop is generally filled with patient donkeys waiting their turn to be duly fitted for traveling their toilsome way.

The mother, Anna, till prevented by

* Did the ancestors of the famous Mary Lyon get their family name in a similar way?

ill-health, was a zealous "Bible woman," going from house to house in Central Harpoot, teaching adults of her own sex to read the Holy Book, and reading and praying with them.

They early attached themselves to the evangelical company, and Sultana and her younger brother, Alexander, were found in the Sabbath-school when very young. But, till about fourteen years of age, she had little, if any, thought on religious matters. Being then for a time alone at home with her sick mother, she, to use her father's expression, "began to call on the Lord," and from that time was a wholly different person.

Prevented by a scrofulous weakness from entering the Female Seminary, distant a mile, she begged the privilege of teaching a school of her own, which she did in a room near her home. When told that her wish was granted, she said,

“Oh, I am so thankful that my prayer has been heard!” Those born and living in the cool, matter-of-fact atmosphere of our western homes can have little or no sympathy with the vivid imaginings,—shall we call them visions, something *really* seen, or only dreams?—of some born and bred in the home of the Arabian Nights.

We, at least, who are here see more illustrations of this difference between Orient and Occident than we care to tell to incredulous occidentals, who would, perhaps, wholly discredit and ridicule, where we are simply bewildered.

And so we can only say, that from the time when Sultana “began to call on the Lord,” He seemed often to stand by her, “visible to her spiritual eyes,” in the form which He wore on earth, and that two angels, one good and the other bad, stood, one on either side, each striv-

ing to win her for the service of his own master.

After two years and more of weakness, she was at length, when sixteen years of age, prostrated by her disease upon a bed of helplessness. And then she thought that the dear Lord came and audibly spoke with her: "Sultana, I am going to take you to myself, but not now. Be patient and wait." And so she did lie and wait patiently, peacefully, joyfully, for fourteen months; witnessing to all who came near her the power of God's grace. While her body was wasted to a skeleton, and physically she was entirely helpless, her mind was clear and her voice strong to the last.

"God has laid me on this bed of suffering," said she, "to talk to you all. The flesh is indeed weak, but the spirit strong." And then, with the greatest earnestness, she would urge all to accept at once the proffered salvation, saying,

“Go to Jesus at once. He has promised to receive you, and will by no means cast you out.” Twice a month she requested the pupils of her little school to meet at her bedside, that she might talk to them of heavenly things. In these meetings she called on each one to lead in prayer, and then, talking on some subject, such as Heaven, Hell, Christ, The duty of obeying their parents, etc., she would close with prayer and dismiss them to their homes. Though naturally a timid, shrinking girl, she became as self-possessed and fearless as the most experienced public speaker. Though a great sufferer, she never uttered a complaining word. “Is it wrong,” said she once to a missionary lady, “to pray that I may go soon?” Many, not only Armenians and Syrians, but even Turkish women, came to see her and to hear her strange words, and went away weeping. To some who expressed pity for

her helpless condition she replied, "No matter about this poor body, which worms will ere long consume; only let my soul be in health." She was specially anxious that all her friends should prepare to meet her in heaven, feeling that by their coming her own joy would be increased, saying, "Blessed is he to whom it shall be said, 'Your father, your mother or your brother has come.' "

She was unsparingly faithful in delivering any messages of exhortation or rebuke which, as she felt, had been given her for them, and once sent for an old woman, a church member, who was addicted to slander, that she might warn her against her besetting sin. And she was no less faithful in dealing with her own parents, telling them the faults which all saw that they had. "Father," said she "You are a good man, but you must not get angry so easily," and "Mother, you"—but let the mother rest—she is a sweet

Christian. A company of neighbors once came from a meeting in which the Holy Spirit's presence had been evidently felt, and were telling their joy over the precious meeting. "Let me give you a caution," said she, "Beware of grieving the Spirit so that He depart from you. Rather prepare a place in your hearts where He may abide with you till you die."

She then began to pray earnestly, and continued so doing, as they thought, nearly half an hour, they, meanwhile, listening and weeping. At the close "she was as one dead."

Wearied by the sluggish movement of the hours to pass ere she could really enter her heavenly home, she begged her parents to get the loan of a missionary clock, that she might "hear its ticking and number the hours and minutes yet remaining." "I lie here," said she, "and count the ticks, and think there are to be so many less before I go."

But at length the weary moments were almost numbered, and when her mother proposed to give the customary medicine, she said, "No, no more medicine is necessary. My time is almost out. It is the death pain which I feel."

She then, at her mother's request, promised to tell her when the time should be close at hand. Shortly after, she said, "Come now, mother, and look at my eyes. I shall die soon."

Seeing her mother weeping, she said, "Mother, do not weep. Are you without hope? Think of the place to which I am going. And Christ is by me. Though you can't see Him, I can by the eye of faith. I shall sleep in Him. I already see heaven opened." And thus she passed away.

She had already requested that at her funeral the twenty-first chapter of Revelation be read, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth," etc., and that

three hymns be sung, original in Armenian, one most nearly resembling in sentiment,

“‘We’ve no abiding city here:’
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.”

And being dead she yet speaketh. In that then dark part of our city, where the hostility to evangelical Christianity was greatest, all confessed that “one Protestant had gone to heaven.” Even superstition came to the aid of truth, and her hands folded across her breast, so snow-white, that some said, “See, Protestants put white gloves on the hands of the dead,” were regarded as a visible token that the angels had set their seal upon her.

And to this day, now nearly three years, they talk of the sweet young girl who suffered so patiently, talked so beautifully, and died so happily.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT CAN I DO?



E have, in previous chapters, seen something of the good which the missionary work is doing in Eden, and I think I hear some of my young readers asking how they can help in this work. "Men and women can be missionaries and go to carry the gospel to the destitute, but what can boys and girls do? What can *I* do?" Let me briefly answer this question. In the first place, you can read missionary books, magazines, and papers, and in other ways get information about the missionary work, and thus prepare

yourselves to act intelligently when called to do anything.

Better still, you can pray for those who have no Bible, and for the missionaries who have gone to carry it to them. You can do this when alone, and when in company with others who meet to pray for missions. I am sorry to say that it don't seem to be the fashion for boys and girls to attend the prayer-meeting, or, perhaps, even to pray at all ; but do you be thoroughly independent and set up for yourself. Children *die*,—why should they not *pray* ?

In the third place, you can earn money to put into the missionary treasury. Please notice the word *earn*. A cent earned to give to any good cause is as good as a dime begged from father or mother for the same purpose. When children in Turkey wish to earn money, they find it very difficult, but for Yankee boys and girls there are many ways of

doing this, and most of you are very ingenious in finding them. I am sure you can, if you wish, earn something every week to put into some missionary treasury.

In many places, "Juvenile Mission Circles" have been formed, in which older people meet with the children to aid them in doing good. If there is no such "Circle," or society, in your neighborhood, will you not try to have one formed? A little girl in Connecticut, anxious to have her mother teach a class in the Sabbath-school, said to her, "Do, mamma, take it. You are getting to be old, and have never done anything for Jesus." Whether this was true of her mother, I know not, but I am sure that there are some to whom you can say this with truth, and who would be good helpers in Mission Circles, working for Jesus. And when such a society is formed, you can invite others to join it and contrib-

ute to its treasury. Let me give you one caution. Having begun, don't become weary in well-doing and give up, as young people are apt to do. If others become tired, hold on all the more firmly, and thus you will both do and get a great deal of good. A boy or girl who perseveres in doing a good thing, however small, even though it be only earning a cent a week, for charity, is preparing to be a good, useful and truly happy man or woman.

And do not fail to do one thing more. Act always from the highest, the best motives, those which are taught in the Bible. Not long ago, I had some discussion with a person who, when inviting children to attend a concert, added that there would be fine music. "Why not appeal to their hearts rather than their ears?" I inquired. "If we appeal to the higher motives, I know they will be moved even more than by such

things. And, even if they come in crowds for such a reason, the concert will do them no good. To come to church to hear fine music is no better than to go elsewhere for the same purpose, and those who come here from such motives are in a poor state of mind to be reached by better ones." Was I not right?

There, doubtless, are persons, even children, who can be persuaded to help good causes only by appeals of some sort to their selfishness, to their lower and meaner nature; and, perhaps some such will read this little book, but I hope *you* are not one of them. Do, then, from good motives, all that you do for any good object. Try to please God and satisfy your own conscience in all things. And when you profess to give money for a good object, really give it.

Boys and girls who go to picnics and festivals in aid of some cause, and eat

and drink their money's worth, *give* nothing. Such methods of collecting money may be necessary in this world as it is, but the givers of the money are not those who eat the dainties, but those who furnish them, and those who wish to act from truly Christian motives, need to beware of all appeals directly or indirectly made to their selfishness.

I mention but one more way in which you can aid the missionary work, and that is by giving yourself to it. Even if you do not become a missionary, the purpose to do so will be a blessing by leading you to think about and care for the ignorant and the wretched. But while cherishing the thought of being a missionary by and by, do not fail to be a real one now, by doing all the good you can to those about you. I know a little boy who once prayed, "O Lord, when I grow up to be a man, I suppose I shall have to be a missionary," and he shows

the sincerity of his purpose by holding prayer-meetings with the children about him. Perhaps you cannot do this, but you can, at least, act among your playmates like the good boy or girl that they expect a future missionary to be. The missionary *spirit* is what we all need, and if we cherish that, the dear Saviour will show us what to do, both while we are young and when we become men and women. Many years ago, a little girl in a New England town prayed that her papa might give all his money to the missionaries. Meanwhile, giving her own heart to Christ, she did what she could for missions, and, in the end, God answered that prayer by sending what was better than the father's money, this only daughter, to a far-off land. She is very happy there in her missionary work, in the land of Eden, and, if God calls you to go, He will make you, too, very happy ; and equally so *here*, if He call

128 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

you to remain and do what you can to *send* that gospel which you would gladly carry to the destitute.

But forget not that, to do either, you must first give yourself to Christ, and have His love in your heart. That you may be a true missionary *somewhere*, first of all seek that. While asking, "What can I do for missions?" do not fail, dear young reader, to ask, also, that infinitely more important question, "What must I do to be saved?" Will you not kneel down *now*, and ask Jesus, the little children's friend, to teach you.

None who read this book are too young to do this. Alas, that any one should imagine, as many do, that Jesus, "the good Shepherd," has no little lambs small enough to carry in His bosom as He says He does (Isa. xl. 11), but that little children must grow up in sin, and wander with the prodigal far from home, feeding upon husks fit only

for swine, and then return, hungry and in rags, to say, "Father, I have sinned." All this is a sad mistake, as you can see from the story of a little boy, only five years old, who was born and lived in Eden. He and his older sister, deprived of the privilege of a Sabbath-school in their own tongue, had, one Sabbath day, been reciting at home a lesson in the "Shorter Catechism" on the question, "What is sin?" As the teacher explained in the simplest language the nature of sin, its great guilt, and fearful consequences in this world and the next, speaking of each wrong act, word, wish or thought, as sin, a "transgression of the law of God," the little fellow began to look sober, then sad and solemn, and at last he burst into tears. To the question, "What is the matter, my son?" the reply was, "Papa, I am a sinner! What must I do?" Without waiting for the answer

180 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

to this question to come in order in the catechism, we then talked together of that wondrous "plan of redemption" made known by our "Prophet, Priest and King," and at the close knelt down together and prayed, the little penitent quoting the precious promise of Jesus to accept all who come to Him, and asking Him to let *him* come and be one of His little lambs. He took the dear Saviour at His word, and rose from his knees a believing, happy Christian boy, and has remained such till now that he is preparing to preach that gospel which he thus early began to love.

And, oh! he is very happy in the fact that he so early gave his heart to Jesus. Will not you do the same, and do it at once?

• What a blessed result would it be, if each reader of "Little Children in Eden" should become one of *His* "little ones," who has gone to fit up for them His

Heavenly Paradise. To help you in doing this, I give a sweet little hymn, selected for me by a little girl of eleven, and which I wish each reader to commit to memory. Will not you do so now, emphasizing, as I do, the last line?

JESUS CALLS CHILDREN.

“Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

“Hear the voice of Jesus say,
‘Children, come to Me!
Hear Me, love Me, and obey—
Children, come to Me !’
Voice above all others sweet!
Ne’er was sacrifice more meet;
Come and bow before His feet—
‘Children, come to Me !’

“I have borne for you the cross—
Children, come to Me !
I have suffered pain and loss—
Children, come to Me !
Met for you reproach, deceit,
Lo ! My bleeding hands and feet !
Shall I then in vain entreat?—
Children, come to Me !”

“‘ Yes ! dear Jesus, we *will* come,
 Oh ! we’ll come to Thee !
In life’s freshness, joy and bloom,
 We will come to Thee.
While the spring around us glows,
 And the early violet blows,
Like the gently opening rose,
 Oh ! we’ll come to Thee.’

“‘ Suffer little ones to come !’
 We *will* come to *Thee*.
Guide us to Thy happy home,
 We *will* come to *Thee*.
Let us be Thy lambs indeed,
 Ever in Thy pastures feed,
By the living waters lead ;
 I NOW COME TO THEE.”

You notice that, in this last line, the word is not “we,” but “I,” and that in *Italics*, so that special stress may be laid upon it. Do not fail to make this “I” very italic, very emphatic, in your own case. If you do it not, the great object of my writing and your reading this book will be lost with the loss of your own soul.

WHAT CAN I DO?

But we must hasten on to the closing chapter of our little volume, a chapter all about the *Frontispiece*, and specially intended for your older friends. Will you not begin your missionary work now by reading it to them?



CHAPTER XVII.

A STORY FOR YOUR OLDER FRIENDS.



ND, as I said, "all about the frontispiece," which, as you know, is the picture at the beginning of the book. And I tell this story because, as I said, I wish you to begin at once to do missionary work. Even very young Christians should begin immediately to do something for the dear Saviour whose lambs they are.

On the hill-top in the cut, you see a shepherd leading his flock, such a one as we see every day, in the warm season, going forth with the sheep and goats gathered from the city, to make them

“lie down in green pastures,” and “lead them beside the still waters,” which are not found on this barren, desolate mountain top, but only in the beautiful and fertile valleys which lie to the north of the city, while to the south, far in the distance, in the direction from which we are looking at the cut, lies an extended cultivated plain, amid whose rich fields of wheat, barley, rice, and cotton, sheep and goats may not go. You notice, as in the cut of the village house, women upon a house-top grinding wheat, not, however, making flour, which is ground by water power and with larger stones on the plain below, but only cracking the wheat to make a sort of food, unknown among us, but much in use there. The patient camels are plodding along, bound, perhaps, to Aleppo for soap, or to Samsûn, a port on the Black Sea, to bring loads which are too heavy for the weaker horses or mules. Perhaps these

are the ones which, not long since, brought the Mason and Hamlin organs, by the aid of which the pupils in the Normal School and the Female Seminary are trained in singing the sweet hymns which we love so much. The people in the streets are, as you see, dressed differently from us, though many are beginning to wear clothes like ours, particularly the students in Armenia College, about which I am going to tell. At the right of the picture you see a horse with two boxes, called *moffas*, slung upon his back, which is a very common way of riding in this land of no carriages and carriage roads. The rider whom you see approaching the stable, number seven of the cut, must be Mr. Allen or Mr. Barnum, returning from a missionary tour, while the one at the "outer gate" at the right, may be a native bookseller from a distant city or village, coming to get a new supply of Bibles and other

books for his "society." Perhaps the man whom you see going up the hill toward the gate is the letter-carrier from the post-office in Mezereh, three miles below, upon the plain. He comes once a week, with his little carpet-bag of mail matter for this city of twenty thousand inhabitants. As a large share of it is for us, he first comes to our home, and pours it all upon the floor for us to select our own letters and papers. The horseman near the top of the hill is most probably Doctor Harootune (Resurrection), the native physician who gives medical lectures to the college students, and whose shortest road home from the plain passes over this hill. Just before him lies a burial ground of the Turks, of whose method of burying you read in "Letters from Eden," while just this side of him and inside the stone wall, is the little mission cemetery where lie the bodies of three adult missionaries and

fourteen sweet babes from our missionary families, five of whom were laid there in a few brief weeks. Returning from the last funeral, just as the approach of winter compelled the placing of the big wood-box in the hall, one of the remaining darlings, supposing that of course all boxes were for cemetery use, and sure that all the little ones go to the "better land," eagerly asked, "Well, papa, who is going to heaven in this?" to which I could only reply, "Nobody, I hope, my son, but may we all get there at last, even if obliged to go by such a conveyance as this." At the left, between numbers one and two you see some more flat grave stones, such as all except the Turks use. These are in the southern end of the native Protestant cemetery which extends along the hill-side behind the college buildings. The Armenian burial ground is at the left, just outside the limits of the picture. . But it is time

for us to turn to the college, about which chiefly our story for your older friends was to be.

I have explained some of these other matters, because questions are often asked about them, and I know that they, as well as you, would be interested in them.

In the lower part of the cut are some of the houses of the city, upon which we look down from our higher position, for this part of the city is built upon the steep side of the mountain, so that the earth at the back of the large mission house at the right is even with the roof of the second story. The college and mission buildings are, like those of the city, built partly of unhewn stone laid in mud for mortar, and partly of sun-dried brick, such as the children of Israel were compelled to make in Egypt, and, in erecting these buildings, we used many scores of donkey-loads of chopped straw,

such as they were compelled to go to the fields and gather for themselves. Looking at the picture of the "village house," you will see at the left how a man cuts this straw by drawing over it a drag, in the lower side of which sharp flint stones are fixed.

Some of these buildings, particularly numbers three and five and the lower story of numbers eight and nine, look better than the others. That is because they are built of stone, and plastered on the outside with lime, while the others are plastered only with common earth, made adhesive by mixing with it a sticky earth called *obooz*, brought from a town of that name, three miles distant. The roofs of all the buildings are nearly flat, inclining only enough to allow the water to run slowly off, and are covered with earth which is about a foot and a half in depth and packed down hard by rolling it with a cylinder of stone. And

this packing process must be often repeated, and especially after every rain storm, or even while it is yet raining, if we would not undergo an unwelcome baptism with muddy water. In winter deep drifts of snow often collect upon them, requiring no small amount of labor to remove it, and in the narrow streets of the city this snow shoveled from the roofs often makes street drifts higher than the houses themselves.

And here I am sure both you and your friends will pardon a digression from the story, to explain what to me was a mystery till I went to live in the Orient. You have heard that amid the ruins of Nineveh, the place of which you see on the map of Eden, the royal palaces and libraries, from which are taken so rich and valuable records of past ages, are found deeply buried beneath huge mounds of earth. When I once asked a learned professor how he

explained this burial, he replied, "Oh, it is from the accumulated dust of ages, gathered largely by the winds."

Though I said to myself, "Wind *scatters* dust and *lowers* hills instead of gathering it to make them higher," yet, as I could offer no better explanation, I thanked him and said no more. But one look at these oriental buildings solves the mystery. The lower story is often built of stone and the upper ones of sun-dried brick, the walls of all being very thick, and especially so in the region where Nineveh was. Such a house is number eight in the frontispiece.

Left alone for even a few brief weeks in the rainy season, these buildings would soon fall, and the great mass of earth in the upper walls and the roof become a hill, burying in its bosom the lower story and its contents. Thus did God, long ages since, providentially and naturally, make sure the preservation of

those cuneiform royal records on stone for the reading of the wise men of these modern days, and to bear witness to the truth of His own inspired record.

But let us return to our story about Armenia College, the buildings of which you see in the upper part of the frontispiece, and which, if it dared take so high-sounding a name, might rather be called a university, since it has six departments, three in complete operation and three but partially so.

The three which are in full operation, and have been for periods of from eight to eighteen years, are number two, which is the Normal School, the upper story of number three, the Theological Seminary, and about half of number eight, which is the Female Seminary, while Mr. Allen and myself occupy most of the other half. From the Normal School have gone out the male teachers for most of the eighty-two common

schools in the district, with their three thousand and twenty-four pupils, the teachers in separate schools for girls being graduates from the Female Seminary. Among these are such as Kohar and Koordish Amy, whose story is told in "Grace Illustrated," with many others who are doing a glorious work in enlightening, elevating, and saving the ignorant, degraded, and lost daughters of Eve in sin-darkened, desolated Eden. In prosecuting the missionary work, the first duty is to preach the gospel, and to do this in all of the two thousand five hundred cities and towns of our mission field, which is eleven days journey on horseback in length from east to west, and six wide from north to south, there must be many native preachers, scores of whom have graduated from the Theological Seminary, which is in the upper story of number three, the Protestant place of worship

for this part of the city being in the lower story. These men have done and are now doing a great and good work in the nearly one hundred places where they labor, and in which have been formed twenty-three Christian churches with upward of twelve hundred members, while in the district of the "Eastern Turkey mission," with its four mission stations, Harpoot, Erzroom, Mardin, and Van, are one hundred and thirty-two Protestant schools with four thousand one hundred and seventy-four pupils, and thirty-two churches with about two thousand church members, and in one hundred and thirty-two cities and villages more than eight thousand Protestants, whose future supply of pastors, teachers, lawyers, physicians, and other trained leaders in church and state are to come chiefly from Armenia College.

As these poor, oppressed members of

the church live in a style of primitive simplicity, spending little or nothing for luxuries, and as, moreover, they have from the first been trained in the practice of Christian benevolence, they give far more generously for Christian work than do the mass of Christ's followers in this land, they having paid during the last three years more than seventeen thousand dollars. Making allowance for the difference between the price of a day's labor there and here, the highest there being twenty cents, while here it is a dollar and fifty cents, to give as *they* have during these three years, churches in this land should raise for Christian work thirty-five dollars and eighty-six cents annually for each church member of both sexes.

I tell you this, that older friends to whom you read this story may see that the poor people are doing all in their power, and need help in the work yet

remaining to be done, and of which I will tell you so soon as we have taken a look at the rest of the buildings.

Number six is Mr. Barnum's house and number seven the stable in which are kept the horses and mules used in our missionary touring, for you will remember that all our riding is done on their backs. That finest building of all, number five, is the last one erected, in 1875, and the one in which the other three departments, the College and the Law and Medical Schools, are to have their home. Its roof, like the others, is flat, the pointed gable end being only a continuation of the front wall so as to make the building look better. If any-body complains of us missionaries for spending money for such show, please say to him that the wall, which makes all beholders admire the beauty of our college, cost but ten dollars, and the entire building but eight hundred dollars.

You see a small bell on both this building and that to the left.

The young men in the college are but few in number yet, but ere long, when the three score pupils of the Normal School have sufficiently advanced in their studies, the number will be increased. The law and medical departments are also in their infancy, the last hardly born.

Did time allow, I would like to attend with you the examinations of the classes in all the departments. In the Theological Seminary are pursued the studies usually taught in such seminaries at home, Greek and Hebrew excepted, which will soon be added, the former being already studied in the college. The Bible is a daily text-book in all the departments, and besides the more common branches, pupils in the different departments study algebra, geometry, astronomy, chemistry, ancient and mod-

ern history, physiology, drawing and painting, bookkeeping, vocal and instrumental music, natural, mental, and moral philosophy, and the Turkish and English languages, and, to a considerable extent, their literature, together with Turkish law, this last being specially necessary, since nowhere are Christian lawyers more needed than in the land of the false prophet. Tell your lawyer friends that some of their number have begun the five thousand dollar endowment of a Greenleaf professorship of law, which we hope they will complete, adding also twenty-five hundred dollars for a tutorship in the same department, the donors to give its name. Each year adds some new study to those now taught, as well as new pupils to those in the college, now about one hundred and twenty-five, and ere long we hope to see this cluster of institutions called Armenia College, and the teaching language

of which is Armenian,* meeting all the demands of Armenia and surrounding districts for Christian leaders of every class, of both sexes. Having firmly laid the deep, broad, gospel foundations in self-supporting, independent, Christian churches, we can now fearlessly go on to *complete* our missionary work, by teaching the people how to erect upon them the broad, lofty, and beautiful structure of a Christian civilization, with all its blessings. A glance at the shelves of the "Bible depository," number nine, will show you that this good old book, sold here in the varied languages of the people, has proved strong enough to sustain pretty big piles of Parley's History of the World, Colton's Geography and Atlas, The Bible Gazetteer, Barnes Notes, etc., etc., up to Webster's last and best Unabridged

* In Robert College, in Constantinople, the language is English; in the Syrian College, at Beirut, it is Arabic, and in Aintab College, Turkish.

152 LITTLE CHILDREN IN EDEN.

Illustrated Dictionary. Those people who suppose that the only aim of the foreign missionary work is to convert the heathen, and who talk about having a "prejudice against foreign missions," and regard the missionaries as "pious, but weak men and women," only show their own ignorance. But of this we may not talk more now.

Should any of these older friends of yours say, "This man is inconsistent, he did not talk like this in 'Ten years on the Euphrates,'" please reply, "Because the time to talk so had not then come, as he hinted that it would at last."*

We come now to the last word, one to which we ask the special attention of these same friends of yours. The salaries of the native teachers in this college has thus far been paid from missionary funds, but the time has now come when, to enable us missionaries to withdraw,

* See *Ten Years*, pages 176 and onward.

their number must be increased to six professors, with an annual salary of three hundred dollars each, and nine tutors with salaries varying from sixty to one hundred and fifty dollars each. These salaries, with that of the American president, to be paid no longer from the missionary treasury, but from the interest of an endowment fund, to be raised and invested in America. These salaries are so very small, because food is so cheap in Harpoot, and the habits of the people so simple, that little or no money is spent for anything except the necessities of life. Thus five thousand dollars is sufficient to endow a professorship, and from one thousand to two thousand five hundred dollars a tutorship.

Teachers in common schools in that land often receive less than four dollars a month, and some pastors of country churches receive but ninety-six dollars a year.

The expense of a pupil in the college is only from thirty to forty dollars a year, while in institutions on the sea coast it would be more than five times as much.

For the purpose of endowing this institution, only fifty thousand dollars in gold, or sixty thousand dollars in currency, is needed and this sum must be speedily raised. And in raising this we wish the aid of the poor as well as the rich, of all who wish to aid in finishing the missionary work in that part of the land of Eden. By reading this chapter to your parents or other older friends you have begun to help in the missionary work. Will you not help still more by praying for Armenia College, its teachers and pupils, and doing all else you can to help on the good work, the aim of which is to give to the little children in Eden, about whom we have been reading, all the blessings which you en-

joy ; to plant for them once more the "tree of life" whose fruit is for the healing of the nations ? And those of you whose contributions are not pledged to other missionary work, can yourselves take stock with your older friends in this new enterprise. In a part of the copies of this book the publishers will insert a form of receipt by which to acknowledge contributions, whether made by you or your older friends, and any person sending a dollar or more to me at Bangor, Me., will receive the book, post-paid, together with a receipt for the money, less fifty cents.* And any person or Sabbath School sending twenty-five dollars or more will receive the volume, post-paid, free, with their receipt for the money. This, as you see, is giving a business turn to the matter. Well, no harm will be done, since *mission work means busi-*

*Its price to others is seventy-five cents.

ness in the highest and best sense of the word, and, if by penning this little book I succeed in winning a host of praying, working, earnest young friends to help in the business of teaching, elevating and saving the perishing thousands of little children in Eden, or anywhere else in Asia, Africa or the islands of the sea, my pen will not have been used in vain. Having begun with working for one land, your hearts will ere long be enlarged to take in all the world, for which Christ died. And beginning thus young to obey the command of the Saviour, the first foreign missionary, to give His gospel to *all* the perishing, you will in later life never be one of those so-called Christians, sometimes found, who talk about "*heathen enough at home*," while doing little or nothing to benefit anybody, abroad or here. Don't you think that if such people ever get to

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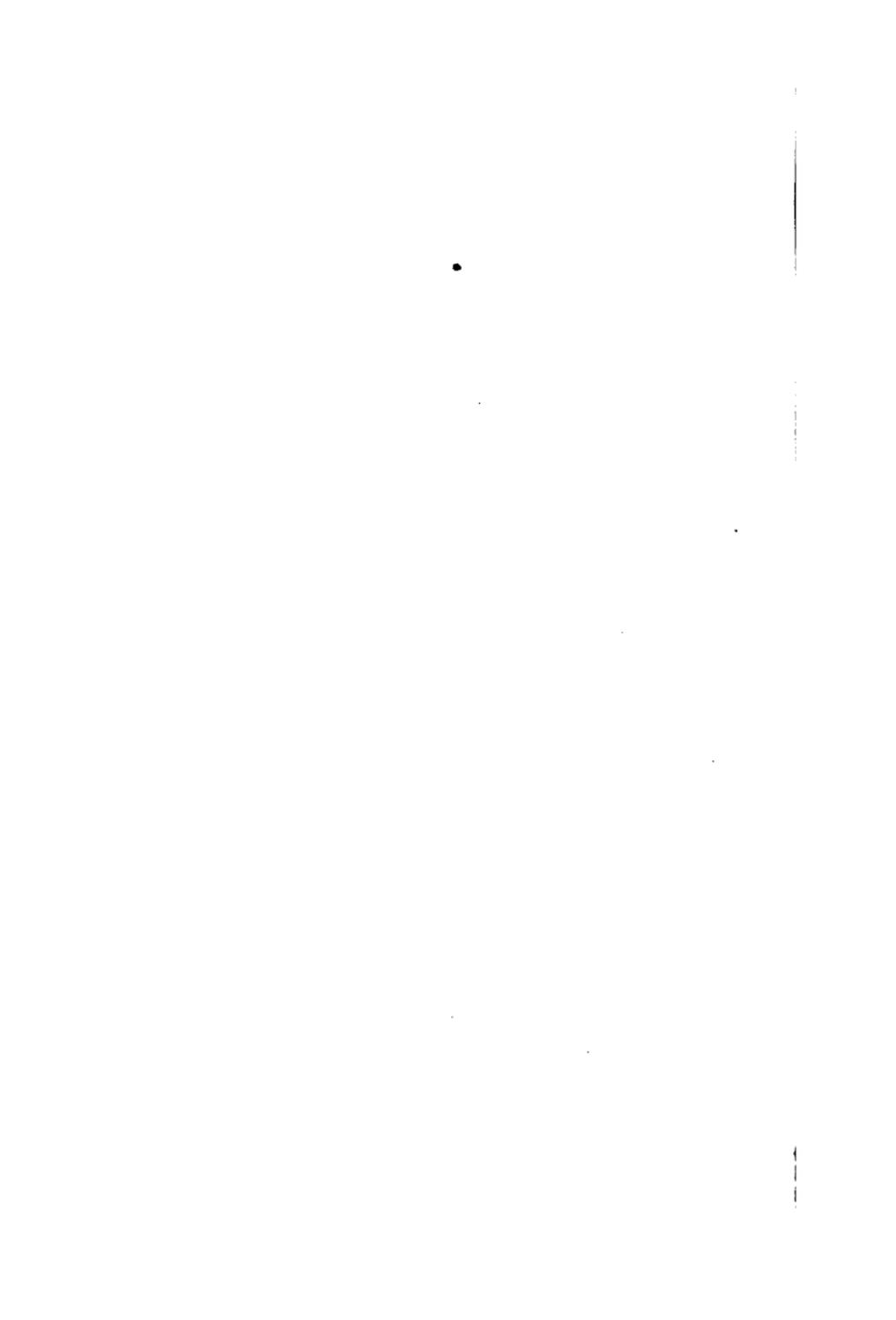
A STORY FOR OLDER FRIENDS. 157

heaven, they will be ashamed to look
Jesus in the face?

“Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth’s *remotest* nation
Has learned Messiah’s name.

“Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole;
Till, o’er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.”

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